

THE LADY'S Home Magazine

OF LITERATURE, ART, AND FASHION.

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LITTLE THINGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

KATY CLEVELAND had been married only a single month. What ails the sweet young bride? Her eyes look as if she had been weeping. That curve upon her lips is not the arching beauty of a smile. Has Edward spoken unkindly? or refused some darling request? Has he left her to be gone a week? or failed to return at the appointed time after a few days' absence? No—none of these. Then why has grief visited her gentle bosom?—for grieving she is, as she sits there by the window, still as an effigy.

Do not smile at the answer we give you: "Edward has only forgotten the expected kiss at parting, and gone forth to his daily business, leaving a shadow upon the spirit of his young wife."

You smile in the face of our caution! It is such a little thing! And you say, if Katy Cleveland is going to make a bracket to hang troubles upon out of every trifle like this, she will soon have her whole house tapestried with gloom.

But, it was no trifle to Katy. The young husband's kiss may be nothing to you—not even held to the value of a pepper-corn—but it was of priceless value to the bride. She had even come to look forward to the daily partings and meetings with a pleasant anticipation of the unfailing kiss—that sweet token of love.

But, the token had been withheld at last; and on the closing day of their "honey-moon." How ominous! Was the husband's shadow already thrown across the threshold of their home?

Acts we all instinctively regard as the representatives of thoughts or feelings. The kiss, with Katy, was an expression of love; its de-

nial an evidence of falling warmth on the part of her idolized young husband. She had no other interpretation. No wonder, therefore, that tears dimmed her eyes; no wonder that a veil was on her countenance. It was the bride's first sorrow.

Away to his store Edward Cleveland had gone, wholly unconscious of the shadow he had left behind him. He did not even remember that, in parting, he had withheld the usual kiss. Thoughts of business had intruded themselves even into his home, and claimed to share the hours sacred to domestic tranquillity. The merchant had risen for the time superior to the husband.

When Edward met his wife at the falling of twilight, it was with a lover's ardor. Not only one kiss was bestowed, but many. In the warm sunshine of his presence, the clouds which had veiled her spirit for hours, were scattered into nothingness.

And yet, the memory of that forgotten kiss remained as an unwelcome guest. On the next day, and the next, and every day for a week, the expected kiss was given; yet, ever and ever, in her hours of loneliness, would thought go wandering back to the hour when her husband left her without this token of his love, and trouble the crystal waters of her soul.

At the end of a week, the kiss was forgotten again; nor was this all—Edward had shown, on one occasion, a spirit of impatience, and spoken words that smote upon her feelings with a sharp pain. He had not meant to speak unkindly—had not even felt so—but Katy had seemed unusually obtuse in some matters about which Edward sought to interest her, and her dullness provoked him.

"You are a little simpleton!" He spoke half in sport, half in earnest, his brows slightly contracting. "Why, a girl fourteen years of age could see through it all!"

He observed that the color on her cheeks deepened, that the expression of her eyes changed, and that she turned her face partly away from him; but he never imagined the degree of pain his lightly spoken censure had occasioned. It never entered into his heart to conceive of the darkness of the veil which suddenly came between her spirit and the sunlight.

And so Edward felt a degree of contempt for the quality of her understanding! "A little simpleton!" Ah! if the words were half-playfully spoken, they had a meaning. He would not have said them, if he had not discovered a feebleness of comprehension below what he had believed to exist. Could the young wife's thoughts reach to any other conclusion? No!

These were little things—trifles compared with the great troubles of life that come to all, and that were in store for Katy Cleveland as surely as for the rest. But they need not have been, and would not have been, if Edward had thought as much out of himself, and had felt towards Katy as tenderly as in the beginning. How very guarded was the lover in all his words and actions. He never forgot the parting kiss; never was betrayed into a lightly spoken word, that carried with it a sting for the heart of his betrothed. Oh no! Had he deceived Katy as to his real character and feelings? We cannot give a freely spoken yea or nay to this. He had not meant to deceive her. And yet, certain semblances were put on, and the lover appeared to have more perfections than really existed in the man.

"Ah, well, is not this ever so?" Perhaps it is. With certain qualifications to the sentiment, the lover is always a dissembler. If not, when he assumes the husband he thinks it no longer needful to give voice to the tender sentiments that pervade his bosom. It is enough for his wife to know that he loves her. But she looks for signs and tokens as of old, and these failing, she sits, often, athirst by the dried up fountains, from which once gushed out refreshing waters.

Almost timidly did Katy look into her husband's face when he returned home. Every hour during his absence, and almost every minute of every hour, had she thought of his depreciating words; and she felt that he, too, must be thinking of them all the time, and with something of disappointment, if not aliena-

tion. But, she was in error, here. Edward had forgotten them almost as soon as uttered; and nothing would have surprised him more than the fact that Katy was grieving over them. He met her with the most ardent of kisses, the sweetest of smiles, and the tenderest of words; and she was happy again.

But, the evening did not pass wholly free from shadows. Edward was coming more and more in the true external of his character, which had many aspects not yet seen by his wife. He had selfish qualities, as all men have, and peculiarities, that, to some, would show themselves as offences. One fault was impatience. This he had repressed, though often under strong temptation to let his feelings leap into unseemly words. He was, moreover, a man disposed to musing in silence. His business fully occupied his thoughts during business hours, and intruded itself even into the times and seasons that should have been sacred to domestic peace. A thorough mercantile education had given him habits of order and punctuality. He was one of your minute men. Orderly, punctual, a little sarcastic, and impatient! Ah, Katy Cleveland! you have a trial before you with this husband of yours, who is far from being the perfect man your girlish imagination pictured. And yet, he loves you as the apple of his eye, and would, on no account, give you pain.

"There it is again!" Edward had gone to the bookcase which stood in their sitting-room, to get a volume. Vexation was apparent in his tones.

"What's the matter?" inquired Katy, whose heart began to beat quicker.

"Who is it that disarranges these books so shockingly?"

"No one, dear. No body touches them but myself," replied Katy.

"Then it is time you had learned a little order. Just look here! Do you see this volume of Byron upside down, and out of its place in the series? And here are two books laid on the tops of others, instead of being set in upon the shelf, and here is another with the front, instead of the back turned outward. Such disorder annoys me terribly! Of all things, I like to see order; and most of all in a woman. I hardly expected to find it so seriously lacking in my wife!"

Edward was annoyed, and did not very carefully modulate his tones. They struck very harshly, and with an angry intonation, upon the ears of Katy, whose heart was too full to permit her to make an answer.

"The fact is," continued Edward, "I am a little disappointed in you."

Ah! This was too bad! The blow given, with not a thought of its force, reached instantly the fountain of tears, and they gushed in a flood over the cheeks of Katy.

Now, what had Edward said to occasion such a burst of grief! He was not conscious of cruel words. Only lightly had he laid his hand upon her—lightly, if not lovingly—and this was the effect! Must he never speak out when he saw affairs go wrong? Must he let all things fall into disorder, and yet hold his peace? This was asking too much. It was unreasonable.

"Katy," he spoke rather sternly, "I thought you a reasonable woman. But, all this is very unreasonable!"

Now, Katy, for all her sensitiveness, had some spirit; and there was sufficient pride in her heart to cause it, even in pain, to lift itself indignantly against the one who thrust at her too sharply—even if that one were her husband. Her tears ceased to flow, and she made answer:

"And I thought you a kind and reasonable man!"

People who utter harsh words usually evince surprise—often indignation—when coin of like quality is returned to them in exchange. Edward Cleveland was for a moment or two half confounded at this unlooked-for response. He had, in as mild a way as possible, (?) pointed out a disorderly habit that was exceedingly annoying, and, lo! his wife assumed an air of injured innocence!

"And pray, madam, in what respect have I shown myself lacking in kindness and reason?"

Edward turned full upon his wife, as he made this interrogation, and looked with knit brows into her face.

"In making the position of two or three books on a library shelf of more importance than a kind and gentle demeanor towards your wife, who has no thought or wish but to please you."

Well and timely spoken, Katy Cleveland! There are always two sides to every question—two aspects in which to view all misunderstandings, between individuals—husband and wife not excepted. Far better it was to give Edward this revelation of your thoughts, than to hide them away from his perceptions, and leave him under the wayward influence of his own partial views. It was a statement of the case altogether unexpected; yet so forcibly

put that the young husband found himself shamed by an irresistible conviction of wrong.

"Right, Katy, dear!"

It took a few moments for common sense and kind feelings to overcome the young man's pride. But the closing sentence of his wife had dispelled his trifling anger, and left but small resistance. He spoke cheerfully, even tenderly—shutting the bookcase door at the same moment—and drawing an arm around her waist, pressed her closely to his side.

"Yes; you are right, darling!" he said. "The position of a book is a small matter compared to words and tones that make the heart bound with pleasure, or flutter in pain. These little things annoy me, sometimes. It is a weakness. But I will overcome it, and never speak to you in unkindness again, though every book in the house be scattered on the floors."

Katy smiled lovingly into his face, through eyes that swam in tears.

"I did not dream that such things annoyed you, Edward," she made answer. "Father never seemed to notice them; though mother has scolded a great deal about my want of order."

"Men are different in this respect. Anything in disorder is sure to disturb me. I have many times wished it were otherwise. But, habits are strong."

"Bear with me a little while," Katy made answer, "and I will endeavor to reform my bad habits. Want of order is, I believe, one of my most serious failings; but it shall not stand between me and my good husband, as an originator of strife. Only Edward——"

The young wife paused. A slight unsteadiness of voice betrayed itself on the last word.

"Say on, love. Only what?"

"Have patience with me. New lessons are not learned in a day. I shall often forget—often act but imperfectly."

"And will you have patience with me also, Katy?"

"With you! In what?"

"Patience with my impatience. One of my besetting sins lies here. I feel quickly and speak quickly. When things are not just to my mind, anger stirs in my heart."

"It will be very hard for me to bear with your displeasure," said Katy, growing more serious. "If you speak to me harshly or unkindly, I shall not be able to keep back the tears. Will you have patience with them, dear?"

"Yes, yes; and kiss them away, or smile

them into rainbows," replied the husband with love-like ardor.

Here was a good beginning. Katy's reaction upon Edward—a reaction that surprised herself almost as much as it surprised him—had brought him back to reason. She had held up a mirror before his eyes, and rather startled him with his own distorted image.

But, the world was not made in a day, as the old adage has it, and habits of mind are too real things to be overcome, and set aside on the first earnest effort. Katy's want of order and punctuality, and Edward's impatience, came into rather strong conflict ere a week had passed; and there were frowns and anger on one side, and tears upon the other. After a brief estrangement, good sense and right feeling brought back the discordant strings of their life into harmony again.

One of the little things that annoyed Edward Cleveland, was his wife's habit of lingering in conversation with friends, when she knew that he was waiting for her. As for instance: They were at a social party, and the hour for returning home had come. They left the parlors together, he going to the gentleman's dressing-room for his hat and overcoat, and she to one of the chambers for her bonnet and furs. Of course, he was ready first. It did not take him two minutes to draw on his coat, and take up his hat. At the end of the fourth minute, he began to think it time for Katy to make her appearance. But, Katy and an old friend were in earnest conversation about some matter in which both had an interest, and she had not at the end of five minutes even taken her bonnet from the bed. At the end of ten minutes, she said, "I must be going. Edward is waiting for me."

And she drew on her bonnet and tied the strings.

"How becoming!" said the friend, referring to the bonnet. "I never saw you look so well in any thing."

This turned their talk into a new channel, and five minutes more were consumed; at the end of which period, Katy said, as she took up hastily her furs—

"I'm forgetting myself! Edward is waiting."

But, the friend started a new subject, and five minutes more were consumed. When Katy came, at last, with slow steps, talking still to her friend, and her husband met her on the stairs—she saw that his face was clouded. To him, the time he had been walking impatiently the dressing-room floor seemed full an hour;

to her, the time she had been chatting with a friend, not over five minutes.

Edward was able to keep back from his tongue an indignant rebuke only long enough to get fairly out of the house. Then he said—

"Katy! This is insufferable! And if you treat me so again, I'll leave you to get home as best you can!"

Upon the pleasant state of feeling left by the evening's social recreations, what a chilling pall was this to fling! Katy had drawn her hand within his arm, and was leaning toward him; but, the pressure of her hand relaxed instantly.

"More than half an hour have you kept me waiting, with my heavy coat on, momentarily expecting you to appear!"

"No, Edward; it was not ten minutes," replied Katy, in a husky voice.

"Beg your pardon! It was three times ten minutes! But, one ten would have been more than twice too long. I never saw such a thoughtless creature!"

Katy had done wrong, and she saw it; but, not to an extent that warranted such an angry state of feeling in her husband. The time she had talked with her friend passed so quickly, that she could not believe more than ten minutes had flown away—but even to keep her husband waiting, under the circumstances, for ten minutes, she felt to be wrong; and had he not spoken so angrily, she would have acknowledged her error, and promised never again to offend in a similar way. As it was, she simply remained silent, while he, in the excitement of his unhappy state, added other words of rebuke no more carefully chosen.

It was very, very hard, under the circumstances, for Katy suffering as she was from the indignant rebuke of her husband, to think clearly, and feel rightly. The punishment was, in her view, altogether beyond the offence. He talked on; but she remained silent.

At last, he began to feel that he was saying too much. Katy had not meant to offend him. Hers was only a thoughtless act, which his impatience had magnified into a crime, and which he had punished as if it had been a crime. Had his young wife given way to her feelings, she would have wept herself to sleep that night, refusing to be comforted. But, there was common sense, right feeling, and a great deal of true perception in that thoughtless little brain of hers. She knew that her husband loved her; and she knew that she had done wrong in trespassing on his naturally impatient disposition. So, as soon as they were

home, and she could say what was in her thought in a manner to give it the right effect, she spoke to him these words, in a low voice, that slightly trembled—

"Edward, forgive my thoughtlessness. I will try and not to offend you again in this particular. And forgive, also, the frankness that accuses you of a far greater wrong than mine. I do not remember any thing in the marriage contract, to which we both assented, that gave either of us the right to be angry with, or to speak harshly to the other. We pledged mutual loves, forbearance and kind offices; and little things, no matter how annoying, should not make us forgetful of our pledges. I was wrong—very wrong—but wrong from thoughtlessness. Oh Edward! If you had only spoken of it in kind remonstrance, I would have seen my error quite as clearly, and resolved to do better quite as earnestly; and loving instead of painful emotions would have trembled in my heart. It is not good for us to be angry with one another. The trite old precept of bear and forbear, must never be forgotten, if we would be happy together. I am not perfect, and cannot attain perfection in a day. Bear, then, with my infirmities for the sake of the love in my heart—a love that, to save you, dear husband! would smile even in the face of death! Such love should cover a multitude of small offences."

Edward Cleveland caught his young wife to his heart, and while he held her there tightly, covered her lips with kisses.

"Oh, these little things! These little things!" he said. "How like foxes do they spoil our tender grapes! But, dear Katy! it must no longer be. Do not try my faulty patience over much, and I will hold my hand hard against the weaknesses of character which have, already, troubled our peace."

"Speak freely and frankly, Edward," was the reply—"only speak kindly. I will never of set purpose give pain or annoyance. The dearest wish of my heart is to make you happy; the light of my life is in your loving smiles."

It was far better thus to understand each other. A world of unhappiness in the future Katy saved herself and husband. A true word, firmly spoken, will bring a man to reason quicker than a gallon of tears. Calm, firm remonstrance, is always better in a wife, than weeping or moody silence. The first a husband can understand; to the latter he has no key of interpretation.

Many trials had Katy with her order-loving,

impatient husband; but she knew his heart to be full of love for her, and the little things that some wives would have magnified into barriers of separation, she swept aside with a gentle hand, and set herself to the work of preventing their future interpositions. She had her reward.

GARLANDS FOR YOUNG HEADS.

TO E. C.—BY M. A. RICE.

FRESH flowers are springing
All around thy way,
And sweet perfumes they are flinging
On the breeze that floats away.
Then, maiden, weave a garland
Of the loveliest for thy brow;
Their beauty and their innocence
Seem fitting for thee now.

The open book of Nature,
Read thou with loving eye,
Love thou the dewdrop on the rose,
The rainbow in the sky.
Cull blossoms at the brooklet's brink
E're the broad sun is up;
There is inspiration for thy soul
In the water-lily's cup.

And unto lofty Science
Lend thou a willing ear;
It speaketh of the *Infinite*—
'Twill make thee nobler here,
Let not the yearning of thy soul
For Wisdom be denied;
A laurel wreath she'll weave for thee
When youth's sweet flowers have died.

And, maiden! there may come to thee
The still, small voice of *Him*
Who trod for thee life's thorny way,
And wept in places dim.
Choose thou His love; 'twill brighten all
The beauty of thy youth,
And wreath thy brow with living flowers
Of purity and truth.

THE BURDEN REMOVED.—What an oppressive burden is taken off a man's shoulders by the privilege he has, as a Christian, of leaving all consequences, while in the path of duty, to God! He has done with "How shall I bear this trouble?" "How shall I remove this difficulty? How shall I get through this deep water?" He leaves himself to God entirely.

—[CECIL

BE NOT WEARY.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

LAUGHING down the misty valleys
Where the morning faintly falls,
Go the sowers in life's spring-time,
Scattering where the spirit calls.
But while yet the dew is weeping
From the flowers along the way,
They are pausing—spent with labor,
Ere the noon-tide of the day.
Be not weary, spring-time sowers
Through the valleys' level sweep—
If ye be but faithful doers,
In the autumn, ye shall reap.

When the heavenward lark uprising,
On the air her matin leaves,
In life's field swart hands are busy
Binding up the golden sheaves;
Up and up, the sun is climbing—
And the day grows faint with heat,

And along the harvest meadows,
Faltering fall the reapers' feet.
Be not weary, sturdy gatherers
Of the full and golden store—
In the season that is coming
Ye can sow nor reap no more.

Ye who keep on Zion's mountain
Watch, to tell us of the night,
Who in Truth's victorious army
Battle bravely for the right—
Ye who stand on life's proud summit,
Whence your way lies down and down,
'Mong the shadows of the valley
Where earth's empty echoes drown—
Ye who struggle—ye who suffer—
Be not weary doing good—
Ye shall wear the shining garments
That are fitting angelhood.

THE MIDNIGHT STORM.

BY MRS. MARY SALINA READ.

'Tis a stormy night—and the raging sea
Heaves its wild breast, as if agony
Had been bound for years 'neath the mighty main,
And the howling winds had now loos'd its chain.

On! and still on! the waves run high,
Startling the soul with a pent-up cry;
While fork'd lightnings have just given birth
To thunder that mutters along the earth.

Hark! for a moment the wild sounds cease,
The elements seem to have sunk in peace;

Save the wind, which still a low murmuring keeps,
As if softly soothing the wave that sleeps.

But the storm is blowing his trump again,
And fury reigns o'er the earth and main;
Omniscience alone hath the power to still,
And subject the storm to His mighty will!

'Tis the hour, vain mortal, to teach thy heart
How weak, how helpless, how frail thou art—
Bow in submission to that great Power,
Who guides the storm at the midnight hour.

HOPE, EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.

Earth's hope is like a meteor's gleam
That darts across the sombre sky,
And lovelier than a starry beam
Appears its light to mortal eye;
But soon upon its brilliant track
The wave of darkness closes back.

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The hope of heaven is like the star
That cheers from northern skies the sight
To earthly view though dim and far,
It beams for'er with steady light;
Though clouds are o'er us every where,
We know that star is shining there.

LOOK OUT!

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XII.

"NEXT Wednesday."

"So soon as that, Alison?" and the book I held dropped from my hands.

It was just at sunset, and we stood together in his uncle's library, for I had come here in quest of a book, and he had followed me, knowing it was my habit to visit it every day about this time.

There was something strangely fascinating to me in that great, dark room, when the sunset poured over the rich oaken panelling, and the dark-green furniture. The picturesqueness, the sentiment of the whole room was alike an inspiration and a rest to my imagination, as I walked up and down the floor, reading fragments of poetry, or some of the old, gorgeous romances, with which the library was stored.

"You look disappointed, Ethel," answered Alison, lifting the book. "Are you really sorry that we must part so soon?"

"How can you ask me? I have been very, very happy this summer and autumn."

"Have you, dear?" He laid his hand with a new caressing fondness on my hair, then he said abruptly, "Sit down here, Ethel; I want to talk to you."

And I sat down in his uncle's great chair, and he seated himself on the arm, and turned round so that he could look right in my face—my face that was flushing, as my heart was fluttering uneasily—I could not for the world have told why.

"Ethel," commenced the young man, with a little visible embarrassment, "I want to make a confession to you; but now, the time's come, it's harder than I supposed. However, I'll out with it at once: *I'm in love, Ethel*. The fact has been growing upon me for the last week."

"With whom, Alison?" almost certain he would answer, "Irene Woolsey."

"With somebody you'd never suspect, I see, by the startled, wondering look in your wonderful eyes, you precious morsel of verdancy. With somebody, I shan't even say now whether you ever heard of; and take it all together, it's a very strange affair. I don't half understand it myself."

"But is she worthy of you, Alison? I should feel so badly to have you marry a wo-

man that wasn't this. Do tell me something about her!"

"Yes, she's worthy of me," his face glowing with something that was not the sunlight. "She's not handsome, or socially accomplished, but to me she's beautiful above all other women. She's as shy and timid as you are, Ethel, and, perhaps, there's nothing strikingly graceful or elegant about her. But I know this: she has more influence, more power over me, than any other woman ever can have. I shall make a better, stronger, truer man, with the light of her clear soul-full eyes, forever upon me; the best part of me lives and glows in her presence. My views aims and purposes, uncertain and intangible before, seem to intensify and expand in her presence—in short I want her life taken into my life."

"And does she know all this, Alison?"

"No, indeed; I am not certain she loves me, though she's a child, simple, fresh, transparent, and I suspect this is, after all, the secret of her influence. She's so unlike any other character I ever had to deal with. I, who've been petted and flattered all my life. Do you suppose if I should ask her, she'd say she loved me, Ethel?" There was so much eager uncertainty in the words, that, as I glanced over his handsome face and person, I could hardly help smiling at the thought.

"Of course, she'll love you, Alison."

"Do you think so?" brightening all over his face. "And now shall I tell you who she is?"

"Yes, do, do, Alison!"

He looked at me and smiled a half-comical, half-amused smile at my curiosity. I almost believed he blushed a little. "I've half a mind to," he said, patting my cheek. "I guess I won't quite yet, though." He drew a plain, heavy gold ring from his pocket. "Look at this, Ethel. I'll invite her here this evening, at eight o'clock to meet you, whom she has expressed a strong desire to know. You shall come into the conservatory. No one will be there, at this time, but ourselves; and when you see this ring on the third finger of her left hand, you may know who is the lady of my love."

"How romantic, Alison. To be sure, I'll come there. But you'll promise me, whoever you marry, that I may be your sister, always!"

A shadow came over his face. "Wait until you see her, Ethel, before you ask any such promises. There, now, you are looking hurt, but you would not, if you understood me. I'll promise to love you, whatever may happen, Ethel, as fondly and tenderly as ever a brother loved his sister, all the days of my life." He spoke with a sad-solemnity that affected me strangely. I only answered: "Thank you, Alison," for this confession of his attachment had cast a shadow over my heart, a shadow that was deepening all the while.

"You don't seem very happy, Ethel?" he asked, as if he hoped I were not.

Before I could answer, voices rushed up to us from the front hall. Irene and Meltha had returned from their walk. Alison went out to meet them, and I sat alone in the heavy arm-chair, till the night darkened about the corners of the room, thinking on all Alison had said, with that strange sadness creeping heavier and heavier over my heart.

"Well, what do you want here, little boy?"

While Alison and I sat together in the library, Clyde Woolsey had asked this question, of a ragged little Irish boy, whom the gentleman met standing bewildered about the front hall as he came in.

"Please, sir, I want to see Miss Irene Woolsey," removing his rimless hat from a mass of dirty, yellow hair. "She owed Miss Walters—the woman who lived in the back-chamber of our house—five dollars, for some dress-makin' she did; and when she went off, she told my mother, as how she might have the money, cos she was kind to her; but she must tell Miss Woolsey that the want of it, came near bringin' her and her children to starvation. Night before last they sent the money; but Miss Clerkin, who lives in the back part of the house, didn't know nothin' about it, and said the woman up stairs was gone. So I've come after the money now. Mother sent me."

The young man did not speak a word. He simply took out his purse, and paid the boy, stopping his Hibernian volubility of thanks with a wave of the hand and compressed, "There, that will do."

"When Miss Woolsey returns, will you ask her to come to my room immediately?" he said to a domestic.

"What is it you want of me, Clyde?"

She burst into his room, with the heavy folds of her India shawl gathered up daintily in her white hands; the long ostrich plumes swept down gracefully to her shoulders, and her face

was flushed into more than its usual proud beauty, with her long walk. And Clyde Woolsey looked at his sister with a sad sternness, as she sprang toward him.

"Don't kiss me, Irene," he said, waving her off, "I can't bear it now, after what I have learned."

"What have you learned, Clyde?" turning pale with apprehension.

"That you have told me a falsehood!" She would have contradicted it vehemently, but again that simple, powerful wave of the hand silenced her.

"Don't add to your wrong-doing, Irene." His voice was very stern. "Sit down here, and listen to me."

She sat down, and in a few words he told her all of his meeting the Irish boy in the hall, and what he had said to him.

"To think that my sister would have stained her life with two such sins. Oh, Irene, I would not have believed it of you!"

And then, in the midst of the girl's fear and mortification, for both were very galling to her proud spirit, there came a soft suggestion, and then, a terrible temptation, to her heart. Perhaps she battled a moment with it strongly. Perhaps the angels leaning over their harps of gold watched the conflict between Good and Evil, that went on briefly in the young girl's soul; briefly, for the Evil triumphed.

"I didn't tell you a falsehood, Clyde," speaking very rapidly, and with a flush on her cheek hidden by the gathering darkness. "If I must tell you, it was all somebody else's doings."

"Somebody else!"

"Yes—promise me you won't breathe a word of it, if I tell you, for I don't want to expose her."

"I promise."

"Well then, Ethel Lindsay employed this Mrs. Walters to do some work for her, too. It all, however, was done in my own name, at her request. Of course, I paid my share of the expenses when you gave me the means; but Ethel was quite out of money, and knowing it when you spoke to me so sharply at the table the other morning, I preferred the blame should rest on me."

"And she never said a word to exculpate you from her share of the debt?"

"No. I suppose she hadn't the moral courage after your remarks."

"But, Irene, I accidentally heard her mention having received some money from home day before yesterday."

"And she sent it round in the evening to Mrs. Walters, but she was gone."

"Can it be possible! I thought her so open, so transparent. I have been singularly deceived. But you have been true to yourself. Forgive me, darling sister, for my harshness. You have lifted a great weight from my heart."

And here the beautiful tenderness that lay far down in the deep valleys of his heart, so that very few dreamed of it, rushed up to his sister. He put his arms around her neck, and kissed the beautiful forehead, and called her again and again, his precious, his beautiful, his *true* sister!

They were the children of one father and mother; they had grown up cherished household buds by one hearthstone; the bright head had slept on his heart many times, when it had grown tired with playing under the elm trees of their father's southern home, and how could the proud, loving brother believe that his sister could do this great evil. He, who with his strong, stern love of truth and right, would rather have lain her fair head under the autumn-grass, than had this great sin taken upon it.

But Irene felt like a guilty thing as she received her brother's caresses. "Don't say anything about it. I presume Ethel didn't mean to do wrong. There goes the supper-bell, and my shawl and hat are not removed. I declare, Clyde, I believe you'll drive me crazy some time," and she hurried out of the room.

I stood in the conservatory, and looked round with a palpitating heart. Rare exotics, fragrant geraniums, snowy camelias, and red-hearted roses, opened their dewy lips all about me; but, Alison stood quite alone by a large orange tree, its ripening fruit hanging in bright contrast among the dark leaves.

"Alison, where is the lady?" as he came toward me.

"You'll find her round here by the window," and he led me toward it, with a smile on his lip. Yet, I felt his hand trembled.

I looked round in surprise, for there was no one in the deep, bay window. Suddenly I felt his fingers gliding over mine. The next he lifted my hand—he did not speak a word, but on the third finger rested the ring he had shown me.

I glanced into his face, there was no need he should have spoken, then.

"Oh, Alison!" The words were breathed, rather than spoken, as a new tide of light rushed over me. I buried my face in my hands. He was a man, and capable of greater self-control than I was, and yet it was a trying moment

to both of us. At last *he* broke the silence. "Ethel, will you not look up? Will you not wear the ring?" A tremulous pleading, I had never heard before, was in the tones of Alison Holmes; and then, my heart went back to that summer afternoon we first met in Mrs. Kenyon's parlor.

The "Then" and the "Now" stood a moment face to face. And he loved me, he, the rich, elegant, fastidious man, had pronounced me the "woman elect" of his soul. I thought of Irene Woolsey, with her beauty, her brilliancy, her rare accomplishments, her very apparent regard for him, and yet, I could believe it.

There was no triumph in my heart then. I was humbled, overwhelmed at the great gift laid at my feet, and with a new breaking in of tenderness to my soul, I lifted up my head and whispered, "I will wear it, Alison," and so the tears gathered and the great sobs came.

He drew me to his heart, that heart where it was such a new, strange happiness for my head to rest. "What makes you cry, Ethel, my Ethel?" he said, softly smoothing my hair. "Are you happy?"

"Very, Alison; but I feel rich, so strangely crowned and rich," smiling upon him through my tears.

"My fragrant little wild flower, how I thank God to-night that He ever led me to you!"

So we sat there for an hour, or, it may be, for two, in the dim light of the conservatory, with the flowers breathing out their fragrant lives all about us, and talked, as the young and the loving always have talked since Adam first walked with Eve under the rustling leaves of the Garden of Eden, and said those words which have lost none of their old beauty and sweetness, though they have rolled down through the discords of six thousand years, "*I love you.*"

Alison Holmes would have been a fascinating lover to any woman, and this new, demonstrative tenderness, making the old home-love seem so tame and common-place, was—oh! I cannot tell what it was to me.

Then what a home he pictured for our future. It was to be a cottage (he knew that was one of my pet fancies,) all wrapped round with shrubbery, and the whole an inspiration of terraces, and fountains, of statues, and pictures!

"But, Alison, what sort of a queen shall I be to such a fairy spot? You see, I am entirely unfitted to be your—your—companion. (I could not bring my lips to say *wife*, yet.) I'm

neither accomplished, nor anything, but just Ethel Lindsay."

"And that's the incarnation of everything that's sweet, and pure, and good. I wouldn't change you one atom for all the charms of all the women in the world, my Ethel."

"What would Uncle Gerald and Aunt Ruth say if they knew of all this, Alison? And to think you meant me all the time you were talking in the library, and I never dreamed of it."

"And I loved you all the better for your innocence. Oh! Ethel!"—dropping down his head in my lap—"we will be very happy together."

"And, at last, fearing our long absence might be observed, we went out, and I thought my heart said, in its great happiness, to this life, 'It is enough.'"

And yet, looking back now on that hour, I know the angels had sung no song over our betrothal, for unto Alison Holmes had never been given the "line and the plummet" to sound the great deeps of my heart, and our names were not among the few blessed marriages "written in heaven."

"Why, Ethel, where in the world did you get that ring?" suddenly asked Meltha, the next morning, as I gave her a pair of embroidery scissors that lay on the table by which we sat, for she and Irene were sewing, or, rather, playing with some dainty bits of embroidery while I was reading.

"I—I—why, a friend gave it to me," blushing, stammering, and drawing away my head.

"Now, look here, my dear young lady, this will never do. That's an engagement ring, as true as I'm alive. I bet I can guess who placed it there, too," laughing, and clapping her hands. "It was Al, you can't deny it, Ethel. Just see her blush now, Irene." The lady looked up with a smile, half-derisive, half-incredulous, but its character changed as she gazed in my face.

"Come, now, Ethel, do make a clean breast of it, and tell us the whole. I guessed it would come to this long ago," continued Meltha. "And you'll be my cousin some day. Oh! if I don't plague Al, when he comes home."

Irene's beautiful head bent lower over her sewing, but I saw her lips quiver, and her brow darken fearfully, and struck with a momentary pity for her, I scarcely heeded Meltha's sallies.

These were soon interrupted by the coachman, who came in to see if the young ladies would ride out that morning.

"We'll go down Broadway, it's such a delightful morning, girls," said Meltha, gathering up her work.

But I declined. My heart was so full of inward harmonies that day, that no outward pleasure could chime in with it; so Meltha coaxed and pleaded in vain.

"You're real provoking, Ethel," she said at last, quite chagrined, as she gave up the idea of my accompanying her. "No matter, I'll go down to the office and find Al, and if I don't torment that young gentleman my name isn't Meltha Herriek! Come, Irene—you'll go?"

She hesitated a moment, and then acquiesced. But as she swept by me, I caught a glimpse of her face in the oval mirror opposite. It was but a single glance that darkened down and sent a shiver through every pulse of my being, I cannot describe the look, it was such a one as I pray God my eyes may never rest on again, in time, or in eternity.

And late that night Irene Woolsey paced, with locked hands and white lips, up and down the room; the wild fierceness on her face struck out half its beauty, and her long, dark hair was tossed heavily about her white cheeks.

Sometimes she paused, and stamped her feet madly, and wrung her locked hands frenziedly. "Oh! how I have loved him!" she cried out at last, and there was a throb of tenderness through all the sharpness of her tones. "And to think this girl, this low-born beggar, that I would not have touched with the hem of my garment, should have thus outdone me! Oh! how I hate her! How, indeed, I have hated her from the very first!" and a fearful spasm crossed her features. "She shall not triumph, though, I say she shall not. I might have forgiven her all the rest, but not this, not the robbing me of his love, whose depth and strength I never learned until this day. Ethel Lindsay shall never go from the altar the wife of Alison Holmes," her voice settling down into a low, sharp, defiant whisper. "I'll circumvent her somehow. Have I not beauty, and wit, and art, those things which soonest bring men to the feet of women?" and she paused before the great mirror, and shook back her long hair, and surveyed her fair person triumphantly. "Ethel Lindsay has none of these; and yet it is strange what a power this girl, with her shy, quiet ways, and her ignorance of the world, gets over others—strange how she has come between me and those I love. But our paths separate next week, and then"—oh!

what a smile crept across the proud mouth—"there will be time for me to work. Of course, I can do nothing now but make my plans;" and then she went to the window, and putting aside the damask curtains, looked out upon the night, the still, solemn night, in the which God walks in the gardens of men's hearts.

Oh, Irene Woolsey! so blinded, so mad, as to believe that the wrong-doing shall triumph, that a sin shall not work out its own inevitable curse, that the thunders of Sinai, and the cross of Calvary have not borne their solemn witnesses to this grand truth—"The wicked shall not go unpunished."

"Ethel, Alison has told me all. My love, I congratulate you," said Mrs. Holmes to me the next morning, as I went into her room, and she looked at me with a new love in her eyes, as on something that belonged to her.

I buried my face in her lap. "Are you really glad?" I faltered. "I was so surprised, and then, I am so unworthy of him."

"There is nobody on earth I would give him to as soon, Ethel, my child;" her lips lingered lovingly over the words; "I have a daughter now."

"And I a mother." Just then Alison entered. He understood all at a glance. He came up to me. His mother clasped our hands together, and faltered, "Alison and Ethel—my children." Oh! earth held no more that I asked for just then!

Of course, our engagement soon became whispered throughout the house, and we were made the target for all sorts of verbal shafts from Meltha and her father. It was a new, and very trying ordeal for me, but I suppose I bore it very much as other young ladies, engaged for the first time, do, trying to look very unconcerned, and carrying a quick heart and burning cheeks all the while. But my position was less trying, because we were to leave so soon, and every one's attention was much occupied with the packing preliminaries.

Irene's manner towards me underwent a great change. She was always polite and pleasant, now she was attentive and cordial when we met, which was only in the presence of the family. I believe Meltha no longer thought she disliked me, and certainly no one else ever dreamed of it.

But the memory of that passing glance I had caught from the mirror never left me. I felt she would never be my friend; but then, knowing that she loved Alison, I could not help pitying her.

As for Clyde, he had grown very distant towards me, and we only interchanged a few conventional phrases every day: but I remember one evening a remark of his struck me as being very singular. Mrs. Holmes had been purchasing some agate vases for a southern friend, and as we sat in the parlor, she turned to Alison, saying,

"I was not in when they arrived, and did not pay for them, and I shall not be able to get so far down town again. Don't forget, Alison, to settle with the man before I go."

"Of course not, and I shall be happy to discharge any other favor of the same kind for any of you here. It's not very pleasant to be haunted by the ghosts of one's creditors, I assure you. Ethel, have you settled all your bills?"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that account, sir. I never owed anybody a sixpence in my life for five hours."

"Well, I declare! what an honest little body you are! That's what very few persons could say, Mr. Woolsey." He sat near us.

"Then you don't even owe your dress-maker any unpaid bills, Miss Lindsay?" asked the gentleman, turning round suddenly to me.

"Not one," a little surprised. "My wardrobe is not very extensive, and I've managed to pay my seamstress for the two dresses she's made me since I came to New York. It was not a very heavy sum."

I could not divine the expression which passed at that moment over the face of Clyde Woolsey; it was a mixture of surprise and contempt, for which I could in no wise account. Just then Irene called him to look at a steel engraving in a new magazine. I had not observed that she was listening with great interest to the conversation—she who alone had the key to her brother's opinion of my answers.

A little while afterwards some one asked, "What do you consider the finest attribute in a character, or at least, Mr. Woolsey, what would be the essential one in your selection of a friend?"

He turned round, and looked directly in my face, and answered simply, "Truth."

"What can he mean?" for the significant look and tone was anything but flattering. "Does he intend to imply that I am deficient in this quality?" I mused, and I returned his glance proudly, perhaps defiantly, for here I knew his suspicion was unjust.

Then Alison called me, and I went to him, thinking about this strange Clyde Woolsey.

I remembered (perhaps for the first time,) that he had been very cold to me for several days past. "He dislikes me because I'm an authoress—that *must* be the reason," was my mental conclusion. And then Alison's voice broke the thread of my thoughts, and sitting down on the sofa by the side of him and his mother, I forgot all about Clyde Woolsey. He was chatting opposite with Meltha, to whom, for the last week, he had been paying marked attention.

"Miss Lindsay, there's a gentleman wants to see you in the parlor," and I hurried down, wondering greatly who it could be.

"Why, Uncle Gerald!" and I was in his arms, gathered up close to his heart, and for awhile there were no words spoken between us.

Business brought him to New York a few days earlier than he anticipated. Aunt Ruth was not quite well, and the house seemed lonely without their child; would she be ready to go back with him to-morrow? and I assented, half-reluctant, for was I not to leave Alison?

I do not think he was very glad to see the minister at first, for he knew his arrival forestalled my departure; but that afternoon the two gentlemen had a long conversation in the library. At last they sent for me, and I went down with my beating heart and burning cheeks, and Uncle Gerald said, as he drew me up to him,

"I know all, my little girl; may God keep and bless you both."

I thought there was a little shade of sadness in his voice, and as Alison was just then summoned away, I whispered very eagerly, as I buried my head on his shoulder, "Are you quite satisfied, are you pleased, Uncle Gerald?"

"I ought to be, I suppose, Ethel. The world will think you are making a 'splendid match,' I know, and you will have a kind and tender husband and a luxurious home. But notwithstanding his beautiful qualities of heart and mind, Alison Holmes is a spoiled boy, and he'll be, at times, a petulant, exacting husband; then my little girl, with her highly-wrought, nervous organization, needs somebody very strong to lean upon in her journey through life, and you and Alison will be a couple of children together, always."

"I can manage him, though," I said, smiling to myself, with a little feminine vanity.

"And you love him, Ethel; with your whole heart you love him?"

"I guess I do." And I looked up in my Uncle's face as I answered him.

And he saw something there that made him answer, "I'm satisfied."

The next day we left, amid the regrets of every member of the household, except Clyde Woolsey's. Alison's parting and mine was just what might have been expected from two young lovers, who felt their lives were absorbed in each other.

They all accompanied us to the depot. Irene kissed me affectionately, and entreated me to write to her; but as she stepped back to the carriage, after the cars had rolled away, no one saw the look of triumph that overswept the girl's face, or heard her low, muttered, "Now, now it's time for me to commence the game!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A week had passed. I was at home again, and the old places had begun to look as they did before I left; and the restlessness which usually follows long excitement, and which made life seem so tame and insipid at the parsonage, to die slowly away.

"You are changed, Ethel, my child. You do not seem quite happy since your return!" Aunt Ruth said these words a dozen times a day, looking at me with her anxious eyes.

And I could not tell her it was only the longing for one who was not there, that made all else so dull and wearisome, so I always answered evasively, "One of these days you shall know about it, aunty."

We were alone in the old sitting-room. It was a still, frosty autumn night, with a faint wind rustling like the sigh of a human heart through the leaves, colored and crumpled with the coming on of November.

"No, no, don't read to-night, Ethel," said Miss Maltby, as I took up a book from the table. "Gerald will not be back until to-morrow, and you can tell me now all about this secret you've been promising me so long. You've quite stimulated my curiosity."

I laid my head back in the chair, and summoned up my courage, for it certainly required considerable to acquaint Aunt Ruth with my engagement. "But you must do it, some time, and it may as well be now as ever," whispered common sense. So, at last, I rose up, drew the sewing from her hand, and sitting down at her feet, I told her the great story of my life.

And while I sat at Aunt Ruth's feet in the gray stone parsonage, that autumn evening, Alison Holmes walked up and down the great parlor of a large, old-fashioned, but very plea-

sant family mansion a few miles from Philadelphia. It was the home of Irene Woolsey. They had left New York together two days before, and as the weather continued warm and delightful, the young girl had persuaded Mrs. Holmes and her son to pass a few days at her residence.

Irene was quite a favorite with Mrs. Holmes, for she always took especial pains to make herself agreeable to that lady; then, of course, they all liked Clyde, who had warmly echoed the invitation of his sister.

Suddenly Alison paused before the portrait of a lady, in an old-fashioned brown satin, and elaborate head dress, which set off to peculiar advantage the stately character of her beauty, for beautiful she was still, though the freshness of youth had mellowed down into the matronly dignity of middle age, and as he stood looking at this, the door opened softly, and slow and graceful came the queenly figure of Irene Woolsey toward him.

"You are looking at my mother, Mr. Holmes!" said the soft, sweet voice.

"I supposed so. How much you resemble her," glancing from the fresh, living beauty beneath, to the still matronly beauty overhead.

"Yes; I am like mamma, while Clyde is like papa. Her name was Irene Clyndham, and our parents managed, you see, to perpetuate both these in their children, but we soon softened this into Clyde."

"And she died when you were very young?"

"When I was hardly six. It is very hard for a little child to be left without its mother," and tears of genuine feeling dimmed the dazzling eyes of Irene Woolsey.

"But you soon had another, in name, at least."

"Oh, yes! Papa's second wife was a distant cousin of my mother's. You have seen her, and can imagine what she is now. She was a belle and a beauty in her youth, and wrote sentimental sonnets to the moon, and thought herself a great genius, which has given Clyde such a shocking distaste to all literary women. Now she's a languishing bundle of nerves, and notions, of sentiment and absurdity; and divides her time between her dresses and the doctor—between her poetry and her complaints."

"What a delightful step-mother," laughing heartily at this graphic description. "But was she kind to you?"

"Ye-es, tolerably so. She had 'spasms of devotion,' as Clyde used to call them, in which she lavished all sorts of extravagant praises

and caresses on us. And she never interfered or crossed us much any way; so we always got along quietly with her, which is saying considerable under the circumstances."

And here lay the key to much that was wrong in Irene's conduct, for her description of her step-mother was a strictly just one; but her life and character had been so undisciplined from its childhood, that the evil had grown rank in a nature that had originally many fine qualities.

"What are you thinking of?" asked the young lady in some pause of the conversation, as she watched the young man from under her thick lashes.

"That I wondered what Ethel was doing to-night."

"I shall not allow you to be disconsolate on account of her absence. As your hostess it's my duty to make myself as agreeable to you as possible, and I presume I can best do this by talking of your lady-love."

"That is almost too severe a reflection on my gallantry, Miss Irene; still I admit the subject will be to me a very interesting one."

"As she remarked to me one day, when we were speaking of yourself——"

"Tell me all she said, Miss Irene," leading her to a sofa. The lady played a moment with her richly embroidered undersleeves, and then leaning her head heavily back against the heavy carving of the sofa, she said with apparent indifference, "Well, let me see—we were talking about rich husbands, and Ethel said——"

"Well, what did she say about rich husbands?" very impatiently.

"You must first promise me on your honor, you will never tell her of this conversation."

"I promise on my honor."

"It was nothing, only that, no matter how dearly she might love a man, she would never marry him if he were poor; she had, in her early life, experienced so much of the misery of poverty, that she shrank with instinctive terror at the thought of ever braving it again. The chains of her love must be golden ones."

"Did Ethel Lindsay say that!" in a tone of surprise and disapproval.

"To be sure she did. Don't you think her ingenuousness is charming; and then she hasn't a touch of false pride. She never ignores the circumstances of her early life!"

"Of course, she knows they can in no wise harm her," answered Alison; but his face did not brighten at this praise of his betrothed, and Irene saw exultingly that the words were rankling in his heart.

"And then," continued Irene, "she said something it would have done you a great deal of good to hear—that the man who would be her husband had not only this great desideratum, wealth, but every quality of heart and mind to win the love of any woman."

He rose and walked up and down the room, whistling a tune; but there was a thoughtful shadow on his brow, and Irene knew very well what was in his heart—that he was asking himself if it could be possible Ethel Lindsay would marry him for his riches! and the heir of Geoffrey Holmes, felt for the moment his money was almost a curse to him.

But, just then Irene's father and brother entered the room. They were much alike—the old and the young gentleman. The step and air of the former had lost none of their stateliness and dignity, under the burden of the sixty-five years that had wrinkled his cheeks, and bleached his hair so white. He bowed with a good deal of elaborate courtesy to his guest. "The guns are in prime order," he said, "and it's a glorious day for the woods."

"Oh, papa, Clyde," pouted Irene, "haven't you given up that sporting frolic? I do think it's too bad for you all to go off, and leave us poor women to mope here through the day alone."

"But, my daughter," laughed the old gentleman, "I've promised your mother some rabbit for her supper, and I imagine she'd 'mope' worse if I didn't produce them. You can take Mrs. Holmes to ride while we are gone."

"And it's high time we were starting. I'll run down and get Molly to put us up a lunch," and Clyde hurried out of the room, while Alison made his apologies and adieux to Irene.

"Won't you tell me how many times you have read that letter over, Mr. Holmes?" and the girl leaned her fair head over his shoulder.

"Not more than six, I presume. I see by that laugh in your eyes, you have divined who was its writer," and Alison refolded the letter.

"And you are not going to let me see, or even read me a passage of it? please, now," and the little dainty fingers nestled down on the envelope.

Alison gently drew it away. "It would not be quite fair," he said, half apologetically, "to show Ethel's letter, I'm afraid."

"Yes, it would, too, to me, when you have promised I shall be your sister. I have so much curiosity to see one of Ethel's letters, because they must be so strangely beautiful,

so unlike other people's." He smiled—she knew that the remark would please Alison's vanity, so with a little more pretty pleading and coaxing, she drew away the precious epistle, which had for the time obliterated all memory of my remarks about his money, from his mind, and carried it off triumphantly to her own room. And for two hours she sat before her rose-wood writing-desk, with the letter lying open beside her. Irene Woolsey worked very cautiously, very diligently, pausing at every letter she fashioned, and when at last, her work was completed, and she held up the two letters in the burst of setting sunlight, I, Ethel Lindsay, could not have told which was my own hand-writing.

"It's perfect! nobody would detect the difference," she soliloquised, "and there's no harm, I'm sure, in copying her hand-writing, for I like to execute a variety of styles." The girl had not the moral courage to face the vague thought, the half-defined purpose, that had furnished the real motive to her two hours' employment; but Irene Woolsey would have shuddered and drawn back, had she looked down into the darkness of her own heart, while she refolded my letter.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Grant—Grant, oh! God help me!"

And quivering in every limb with her sudden surprise and terror, Irene Woolsey fell back a moment against the entrance of the old arbor. The next she sprang wildly forward, and with one blow of her small white hand, she struck down the heavy pistol from the young man's grasp to the ground.

Then the two stood still a moment and confronted each other, I cannot tell which face was the whiter, as the wind drove the restless shadows of the leaves overhead across it.

It was an old dilapidated grape arbor in which the two cousins stood; branches of trees and running vines had wrapped, and tangled themselves in with the original growth, and though the framework had given way in many places, still the strong boughs and vines wound themselves tightly together, forming a cool, delightful retreat in one corner of the garden.

And to this Irene had sauntered one sunny afternoon, a few days after the departure of her guests for the South, and it was no wonder the sight that met the girl's gaze on her entrance, had called up that cry of wild horror to her white lips.

For a moment, the young man's eyes glared fiercely upon his cousin. "How dared you do

this Irene? In another second I should have been out of all my misery."

"Grant Mulford, are you mad? Do you think I would stand by, and see you shoot yourself? Oh, thank God I was not too late!" And, completely overcome with the shock her feelings had undergone, Irene sank down on the low wooden seat which flanked one side of the arbor, and sobbed piteously. The sight of her tears softened the man: Grant was young, too, just past his twenty-sixth summer, and though he had little moral force of character, was not accustomed to words and deeds like this.

He sank down at the girl's feet, and buried his face in his folded arms. "Irene," he said feebly, as though every word were a pang, "it would have been better for you if you had let me die,—I shall only live to disgrace you."

"What have you done—oh, Grant, do confide in me; tell me what you have done?" cried the trembling girl.

And at last Irene succeeded in drawing the truth from her cousin. With his face buried away from her in his arms, for very shame, he told his story, while every puff of the soft autumn wind sprinkled the leaves of crimson and gold about them, and the faint sunshine looked in with a sad, pitying smile on the bowed figure, and the listening girl.

Grant Mulford was the son of Irene's mother's sister. His parents had both died when he was quite young, and the boy's childhood and youth had been passed with his relations, mostly in Irene's family.

His parents were not wealthy, still they had left him considerable property, which his guardian (Irene's father) had taken every means to increase. But Grant was reckless, indolent, and extravagant, while his impulsive generosity, and fine social qualities, obscured these glaring defects of his character, for he was very easily influenced, and wanted both principle and strength of purpose.

When he reached manhood, and his property came into his own hands, he squandered it, in all kinds of social pleasure, without being actually dissipated.

At last he entered into some fruitless speculations which swallowed up the remnant of his fortune, and then, as I said, too indolent to enter into any business, he had finally resorted to gambling as the easiest method of retrieving his fortunes. A few words will tell the rest. He had become deeply involved in debt, from which his uncle had twice extricated him. The last time, however, Mr. Woolsey said to his nephew, "Grant, you know I never threaten

what I do not perform. I am not a very rich man, and my first obligations are owed to my own children. This is the last time I shall ever aid you, let come what may. If you persist in this course, you do it at your own risk, and must abide the consequences."

And Grant had resolved to reform, and many a man stronger than he has resolved and failed. He went to the "gambling table" determining it should be for the last time, he drank deep,—he staked, and he lost all.

His creditors gave him no peace by day or by night. It is the old story of weakness and desperation; he had finally forged a note for six thousand dollars, hoping to win back the money, and cancel the debt before he was discovered.

But he met with ill success again, and as he could not hope to escape detection for more than two days longer, he had concluded in his wretchedness and despair to put an end to his existence, which Irene alone had prevented.

The cousins had well nigh grown up together, and the girl's heart was full of pity, as she listened to his story, and all his misery.

"Don't despair, Grant," laying her hand soothingly on the bowed head, "I am very sorry for you, but it was terrible to think of such a remedy. Something must be done for you."

The young man looked up with new, eager hope shining in his eyes. "How—what, Irene! Is there help anywhere?"

"Of course there must be; I will go to papa this very night, and beg, and entreat him, on my knees, if need be, to take pity on you."

Grant's brow darkened again. "There is no use," he said. "Uncle will do nothing more to save me from the gallows; and in forty-eight hours more I must be in prison, or"—his glance spoke the rest.

"Oh, if Clyde were only here;" and Irene wrung her hands, "but he has gone to lecture somewhere in Maryland, and there is too little time to communicate with him. But, Grant, I will devise some plan to rescue you from this. I don't know what it will be yet, for I must collect my thoughts first, but you shall be saved from disgrace."

And Grant Mulford looked in the beautiful face, and at that moment his cousin seemed an angel sent from heaven to save him.

"You will trust me, Grant; you will not so much as think of any desperate deed again; to-morrow morning we shall meet here in the arbor."

He bowed his head, and so they parted. Irene went slowly, very slowly, through the gar-

den-path, that wound up to the stately old-fashioned white house. Sometimes she paused unwittingly, and gathered a handful of withered rose-leaves from a stalk, and crumpled them in her fair hands, and then tossed them on the ground, and slowly, slowly came from afar-off the whisper of a great sin to her soul.

At first, it was vague, and indefinite, and she shrunk from it; but it drew closer, and closer, and the whole dark plan at last unveiled itself. How the first steps in evil wind farther and farther on through the blackness, and the pitfalls! There were many struggles, there was no sleep for Irene Woolsey that night.

"Well Irene?"

The wind was shrieking, and pallid clouds were hurrying all over the sky, when the cousins met next morning in the arbor; and under his breath Grant Mulford asked the question which was to decide his destiny. Irene sat down by her cousin, and briefly told her plan, for time was precious to the man then, pausing only when the wind shook the old arbor to its foundation, and drowned her voice.

Irene had some property in her own right, which she had inherited from her mother. It was not large, not at the most covering more than twelve thousand, but it was accessible to her, for she was of age.

"Neither my father or brother need know anything of this, Grant, at least at present; and if you will promise never, never to gamble again, and at once to enter into some honorable business, half my fortune is at your disposal. Perhaps you can refund it to me, at some future time."

And how solemnly Grant swore to do all this, with his hands tightly clasped in his cousin's, calling her his benefactress, his good angel, the woman who had saved him from a prisoner's cell, or a suicide's death. Irene was impulsively generous, and I do not doubt she would, in this emergency, have given her cousin half her fortune to have saved him from disgrace; but of course it placed him under great obligations to herself, and during that long sleepless night, she had seen clearly how she might avail herself of these, to attain an object that had grown to be a part of her life.

"And now, Irene, is there not some way in which I can serve you, some good that I in turn can do you?" asked the young man, almost overcome with gratitude.

And as he asked the question the wind struck up a wail through the thick trees, so wild, and fierce, and solemn, that Irene turned pale and shuddered.

But at last it sobbed itself sullenly away, and then Irene leaned forward, and whispered in her cousin's ear: "Yes, Grant, there is a way that you can serve me, as no other human being can, if you only will."

"If I will, Irene! as though I would not go to the ends of the earth to do anything for you."

I do not know how much of the plan that time and circumstances afterward matured was concocted by the cousins that morning; neither do I suppose that to Grant Mulford there seemed any great or startling evil in its communication. He was morally weak, rather than positively malicious, and would not without some strong, propelling motive, have designedly wronged any one.

He probably inferred from his cousin's remarks, that her affections were bestowed upon a young gentleman who was engaged to an artful, designing, and low-born person, very far beneath him in social position, and that it was Irene's wish by some means to annul this engagement.

And probably with his moral obliquity of vision, and his feelings of gratitude toward his cousin, a refusal to espouse her cause would have seemed much more dastardly to him than almost any act of intrigue or subterfuge.

At last, the rain beat down from the pallid sky, and closed the interview,—that interview that was the seed-sowing of a fearful harvest, a harvest of remorse and suffering, from which either would have shrunk back appalled and terrified.

Oh, how, up into middle life, and down among the shadows of old age, should we carry daily the prayer our mothers taught us by our cradles—"Lead us not into temptation."

CHAPTER XV.

"What in the world is the matter, Ethel," and Aunt Ruth paused a moment in her work, for she stood by the table arranging the cake in the heavy old-fashioned fruit basket, and looked steadily at me.

"Nothing, I guess," lifting my head up from the mantel, against which I had rested it, "I was only thinking."

"About anything in Alison's letter, dear?" I smiled at her womanly acuteness, but the truth came out at once.

"Yes. I may as well confess it. Speaking of the country-seat we are to have, Alison adds: 'You know, Ethel, we need spare neither taste or expense in its arrangements, for be it remembered you are to marry a rich

man, and I suppose this is as important a desideratum with you, (your poetry and romance, notwithstanding,) as it is with most women. This remark sounds very unlike him. It haunts, it pains me. I wish he had not made it. As if it were possible for me to think of his money!" pacing up and down the rug, with kindling cheeks. "As if he would not be just as dear to me without a dollar in the world, as he is with his million."

"He didn't consider what he was saying, my dear," responded Aunt Ruth's soothing voice. "Men are a great deal more blunt, have much less tact than women; and are not so happy, usually, in expressing themselves."

"But it was harsh, unjust to me," my pent up feelings breaking out, despite myself. "Now Aunt Ruth," coming to her, and looking her in her face, "if you were engaged to a rich man, just as I am, and he should write those words to you, should you like it?"

"No, I can't say as I should, exactly," she answered reluctantly, bending down very intently over the cake; "but then, my dear, I should remember that men are, by no means, perfect, any more than we are, and you must remember that a person of Alison's temperament and education must be easily irritated, and say one hour what he would not mean the next. My little girl must have 'patience.' It is the great lesson of woman's life, after all."

But it was, unfortunately, an attribute of character in which I was sadly deficient.

"Well," I said, swallowing down something very large in my throat, "I shall just write to Alison Holmes, and tell him that he greatly misapprehends my character, if he supposes that wealth would be with me an important 'desideratum' in a husband; and that all the kingdoms of the world could never have bought one hour of the love of Ethel Lindsay. But after all it seems to me a kind of moral descent for a woman to make such an assertion. Her life, not her lips, ought to say it."

Just then the door-bell rang, and Aunt Ruth was summoned to the parlor. I went to the window, and looked out on the gray, pallid sky. It was December, and the sun had set an hour before, and great flakes of snow were shivering lazily downward, and slowly whitening the earth.

I had said, as impulsive people usually do, more than I intended, and now I tried to reason myself into the belief that Alison's remark was a mere inadvertency, anyway.

I had not the key to all this, nor the key to

the character of my betrothed either. With his evanescent feelings he had quite forgotten the conversation respecting me, which had taken place in Irene Woolsey's parlor, until some circumstances had recalled it to his mind, and then the bitterness returned, and barbed the arrow which had entered my heart.

Alison could have forgiven, or overlooked a great many faults in those he loved, simply because he had not a very high ideal of character, and a wrong coming from such a source would have provoked more than it pained him.

For myself, I had really less respect for money than most persons who had felt so keenly the want of it; yet for this very reason I was doubly sensitive to Alison's allusion.

"I've good news for you, Ethel." I turned from the window to meet Aunt Ruth's beaming face. "There's a gentleman in the parlor, a Mr. Mulford, who was in South Carolina week before last. He saw Alison and Mrs. Holmes, and is a friend of the former's, from whom he brings letters of introduction. I know you will be glad to see him."

"To be sure I shall," forgetting everything else as I sprang toward the door.

But just as I reached it I experienced a strange repulsion, something intangible seemed to wave me back, and I stopped short, and looked inquiringly at Aunt Ruth.

"I will go in, and introduce you, my dear," she said misinterpreting my expression, and conquering this momentary aversion, I silently followed her.

There was nothing, I think, peculiarly striking in the physiognomy or manner of Grant Mulford. He was, I believe termed "good looking" by most ladies; was gentlemanly in person, and manner, highly social, and a great favorite with ladies.

Alison's letter introduced him as a cousin of Irene Woolsey's, and a friend of his own, whom he had recently met at the South, and who was expecting soon to travel through New England. "He seems really, for so short an acquaintance, greatly attached to me," ran Alison's letter, "and I cordially like the fellow myself. He is very anxious to see a certain little incarnation of romance and sweetness, that some how has managed to steal into the warmest corner of my heart; so for my sake she will receive and treat him very cordially."

Of course I did this. The stranger's visit was more acceptable than most persons would have been. He brought me messages and some beautiful gifts from Mrs. Holmes, and her son. Then he had a variety of pleasant gossip-

ing anecdotes to relate of both, and we had no other company at the time; beside my country life had, if the truth must be told, been rather tame, after my return from New York.

Grant Mulford was a man of the world, and the change of his society was very pleasant. So the second day after his arrival, when he talked of leaving, I urged him to stay, and he consented. We soon grew very well acquainted, and I liked him, notwithstanding he was quite a flatterer; but the young man exerted himself to the utmost to render himself agreeable, and he succeeded.

Sometimes his attentions struck me as being rather marked, but I always silenced my suspicions with thinking, "It is his manner, doubtless, with all ladies, and he knows of the engagement between me and Alison, so I need not be disturbed."

Then came a fall of snow, and we had several exhilarating sleigh rides together, and went to a real Yankee quilting frolic, at one of the parsonages: in short, Grant Mulford expressed himself captivated with New England domestic and social life, and especially with his friends at the parsonage. It was all so new, so delightful to him, that he could not tear himself away, and he remained a week. And at the close he wrote to Irene: "There is no use, dear coz, in trying to get up a flirtation with this Ethel Lindsay. She's unlike any other young lady I ever met. I've exhausted every stratagem of which I'm master, in the vain effort to make some impression. She's very social, and accessible, and all that; but she lifts up those great honest eyes of hers with such a wondering kind of look to me when I venture on anything the least affectionate, in voice, or manner, that I can do nothing with the girl.

"There is no question about it, she is deeply in love with Mr. Holmes, and the best thing you can do, (if you will listen to a word of advice from such a scapegrace, who, notwithstanding, knows something of the hearts of men, and the ways of the world,) is to get this young gentleman to your home, and set off your attractions against those of his betrothed. With your beauty and your tact, it will be no very difficult matter to win the game; and you know, my darling coz, I am yours in such bonds, to serve and to obey, as none reckon of."

And in her pride and disappointment Irene tore the letter into shreds, and stamped on it. It was a galling thought to her haughty spirit, that her cousin should know of her attachment to Alison, "but after all"—she mused—"he is

in my power, my tool, and I will make him serve me. Oh! if Ethel Lindsay only would fall in love with him, how easily all the rest might be accomplished. I am certain Alison likes me, and that she only stands in my way," and now a soft flush stole into the fair cheek, pillowed in the palm of her hand, for a selfish woman, and a misguided one, may love as Irene, deeply absorbingly. "If Grant could only devise some way to arouse Alison's suspicions of Ethel's truth to him, if he could only get her miniature, or a lock of her hair, under any pretence; for some lady, for instance.

"Let me think, there's that pretty Baltimorean, Cora Wise, whom Grant met on his return, and with whom, I am certain, he is two-thirds in love; Ethel Lindsay is very romantic, and if he could only awaken her interest, and enlist her sympathies—oh, I have it, I have it!" and springing up, she clapped her hands exultantly, and then, sat down, and leaning her forehead on her hands, thought very busily for two hours. That night she wrote a long letter to Grant Mulford.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.

BY HATTIE N. GRAVES.

When Hope's bright rays shine o'er my heart,
In morn's effulgent glow;
Should evening see those rays depart,
'Tis better not to know.

When fears along my pathway glide—
Dark presages of woe;
Whate'er of future ill betide,
'Tis better not to know.

Should friends who round my hearth-stone throng
Forth from my presence go,
And harm me with malicious tongue,
'Tis better not to know.

Should he whose love I safely trust,
When my cold form lies low,
Quickly forget my sleeping dust;
'Tis better not to know.

'Tis better far the eye ne'er see
What future tears must flow,
Since from our fate we cannot flee;
'Tis better not to know.

Then never sigh one moment brief,
The future to foreknow;
Since knowledge would but bring us grief,
'Tis better not to know.
Winthrop, Maine.

LETTERS FROM LA RUCHE.—No. VI.

WERE I a snow-bird, dear reader, I would peck at your window, and chirrup a petition for a few crumbs to offer to the rest of my feather, by way of apology for so meagre a repast as, I warn you, this letter will afford. But I am *not* a bird, nor have I power, like Icarus, to appropriate a bird's pinions. You remember Icarus, who, in the good old days of impossible things, attached wings to his shoulders by means of wax, and flew from Crete to escape the resentment of Minos. But, soaring too high, the sun's rays melted the wax, and he fell into the *Ægean* sea. How delightful to have his wings, and sail far away from snowy La Ruche, in quest of something worthy your acceptance!

Yet it would be a hazardous experiment—would it not?—even now, when nature is in anything but the *melting* mood—to attach pinions to one hundred and thirty pounds of flesh and blood! You would grieve—I know you would—to learn that your correspondent had met with the fate of Icarus, and that you would never hear any more of poor Maria Honeycombe.

Therefore, with due regard to your feelings, and a proper consideration for the safety of my own flesh and bones, I will leave such volent appendages for those who are lighter in pounds and ounces, and try to content you and myself with what I can pick up from my arm-chair by the blazing fire, which is doing its best, by spark and crackle, to make me forget that the thermometer is fearfully near that uncomfortable little cypher called Zero.

If I should date my letter from "Snowdrift," instead of "La Ruche," you would have a better idea of our habitation—for we are literally *a-drift*, and without any prospect of being aught beside. Jack Frost and the snow flakes have had a rare dance on our premises—playing such pranks as were never heard of before, save, perhaps, among the Alps, and around the peasant chalets of Switzerland. Jack painted all our window-panes in one night! There were mountains, and rivers, and bridges, and forests enough to hold all the legends in Mr. Honeycombe's brain! Very pretty they were, to be sure, and Jack showed himself a skilful artist, but he covered his transparent canvas so closely that the only places through which we could get a glimpse of the outside world, were the little round spots where the young Honeycombes had flattened their noses against the

window-panes in vain endeavor to see beyond.

Meantime, those young Honeycombes aforesaid have been a perfect nuisance. How we have lived through the week of their being pent within doors I cannot tell. The other morning, when the house had been turned upside down for the twentieth time, and my poor head ached in sympathy with the disabled furniture, I suggested to Mr. Honeycombe, in a fit of perfect desperation, that he should turn them out of doors. I told him that I could not and *would* not be troubled longer with their noise. He looked at me in surprise, and said:

"Have you any idea, Maria, how the thermometer stands?"

"I *ought* to have," I replied, rather snappishly, "when you've opened this window at my back to inspect it every five minutes to-day. I believe 'tis true what Bridget says, that the weather would moderate if you had fewer 'heat-machines,' as she calls them, on the premises. They are like lightning-rods—they *tempt* the storm."

Mr. Honeycombe shook his head and laughed as he replied:

"You can't accuse them of being *heat-machines*, now-a-days, my dear."

"Then there's your barometer," continued I, without noticing what he said, "and that register of the weather you're so very particular to keep—it makes me shiver to look at it! I'm sure, when people are cold, it doesn't help the matter to be forever dinging it into their cars."

"Have you anything more to say, Mrs. Honeycombe?" He just escaped saying "Juniper."

"Yes. You must needs get that book of Dr. Kane's, which has set the children so crazy—now when the quicksilver is almost solid, instead of leaving it till warm weather, when it would be truly refreshing. Who wants to hear of frozen hands and feet, and walrus-meat, and those horrid Esquimaux creatures, at this season of the year?"

"Why, I thought you enjoyed it, my dear, quite as much as myself!"

So I had, but this morning I was all aches and pains, and they made me as cross as possible. Job himself would have succumbed under the shooting tortures of neuralgia. But Mr. Honeycombe seemed so perverse. He

sat there, and began to sing and whistle by turns—

"Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin,"

and I began to cry! He knew that I was suffering, and springing up, gathered a scarlet mantle, which had once been an opera cloak, closely round my neck, and drawing up the head, said coaxingly,

"There, darling! A little younger, just a little—and you'd be Red Riding Hood in earnest! Now, we'll build up the fire, and drive the wolf, Neuralgia, quite away. No latch shall be lifted for him again."

"You must drive the children away, too," I said, as a fearful "whoop!" came ringing through the door.

He went out, and returned in a few minutes, to say that he had muffled them up, and emptied them upon the lawn, where they were now hard at work with Tom, making statues of snow. I drew my chair nearer the window, and soon forgot my own troubles in watching them.

Tom, who seemed to be chief director, gave Charley and Frank the legs and arms to make, while he himself worked on the more bulky parts of the figure, stopping occasionally to give Winnie a lesson in heads. She rolled and patted them with her little mittened hands, making them astonishingly round, though rather dropsical in size. They all came in from time to time to get warm and report progress, and we learned that the two principal figures were to be Andrew Jackson and Robinson Crusoe.

"We mean to have Dr. Kane, and Hans, and all of them," said Charley; "and then Tom's going to show us how to make dogs."

"Yes, indeed," chirruped Winnie, eagerly, "and som' *Eximaux*, too."

We all laughed at Winnie's little tongue, which, "papa" said, was too short to twist round "*Esquimaux*." "But 'twill be long enough in time," he added. "It's a member that develops rapidly, especially in women."

Strange that Mr. Honeycombe will make such remarks!

The children worked, at intervals, for two or three days, during which time the house was delightfully quiet. But the result of their labors is so formidable, that now I am wishing for a hot sun to dissipate it. The lawn is completely covered with figures of men and animals. There you may see Andrew Jackson, looking as if one of his New Orleans cotton-

bales had been buttoned under his vest to protect him from the bullet of Robinson Crusoe, the muzzle of whose gun is dangerously near the pit of the brave old General's stomach. You would find it difficult to distinguish Dr. Kane from Hans. Both seem to have a strange disease of the joints—scurvy, probably—which renders their footing somewhat precarious, and the harpoon in the worthy Doctor's hand has the effect of a rope-dancer's balancing-pole; as for the dogs, they are horribly natural, as I have discovered to my cost. Last night, being nervous and wakeful, I rose about one o'clock, and drew aside the curtain to look at the weather—quite forgetting the children's statuary. The sight of so many white figures directly under my window, "gave me such a turn," as Susan Nipper said, that for a few minutes I was really overcome. Had all the ghosts of Macbeth risen up before me, they could not have startled me more. I soon recollected what the frightful things were, and, ashamed of being so foolish, lay down to sleep again, without calling Mr. Honeycombe, who would, I knew, only laugh at me. This morning at breakfast I told my story, and added, rather timidly, that I thought I had seen a living man in the midst of the snow images.

"Pshaw!" said my husband; "I must say, Maria, that you women are nothing but concentrated bundles of nerves. What would any man want on our lawn at midnight, I'd like to know?"

"That's not the question," I replied, "though I think he was very brave to venture among so many horrid figures at that hour."

The more Mr. Honeycombe ridiculed the idea, the more I insisted upon my man. All this time the children were nudging each other, and laughing as if they had rare sport in view, and Tom, who waited behind my chair, seemed to be performing a series of gymnastic exercises. At last Frank said, mischievously,

"May be he's there yet, mamma."

I rose, went to the window, raised the shade, and lo! there he was—sure enough!

"Come here, Mr. Honeycombe!"

He came, and glancing through the window, exclaimed "What! My overcoat and hat!" and rushed out upon the lawn, where I saw him a minute after, tugging away ineffectually to remove the coat and hat from the figure of Andrew Jackson. They would not stir, and he came in quite angry and excited. I said quietly,

"I thought, Mr. Honeycombe, that you knew General Jackson's character better."

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that he never *would* give up unless he wished to do so. The more you pull, the tighter is his grasp."

"True enough, Maria, but 'tis no joke to have one's clothes so abused. Those young rascals must have poured water over the snow before they put the garments on. They're frozen into a solid mass. I'll trounce that Tom within an inch of his life! He's at the bottom of it."

All at once the expression of his face changed, just as if some right merry thought had entered his head. He turned to me, and said,

"But what do you think of the General's eyes, Maria?"

"He seems to have on spectacles," I replied.

"Spectacles! hem!" exclaimed Mr. Honeycombe rather drily. "You remember your opera-glass, my dear; the one I sent to Paris for."

"Certainly I do; but what has my opera-glass to do with General Jackson's eyes!"

"Nothing perhaps with those of the bonafide man; but if you'll take the trouble to examine his icy namesake yonder, I shouldn't be much surprised if you find your opera-glass buried in his brain."

This was too much. I felt like punishing the little miscreants severely, but they were no where to be found. Mr. Honeycombe went to work, and after considerable labor succeeded in getting out the glass, fortunately uninjured. The old General was finally induced to part with the hat and overcoat, too; but they were, as their owner remarked, "considerably the worse for wear."

The children were sent to bed without their usual evening entertainment. It was quite a punishment to them, for their father had promised them this evening one of his choicest legends—something about "The First Statue." I was as anxious to hear it as they, and had thought of adding it to my letter, by way of a *bonne bouche* to the reader, and to compensate in some measure for not being more interesting myself. But now it must be deferred till my next, for this pen of mine has nearly run its furlough.

I have discovered a secret, which, *being a woman*, I am not expected to keep. Mr. Silas Honeycombe, jealous of the favor with which these letters are received, has actually written, or nearly written, a book! To atone for having kept me in ignorance, he offers to dedicate it to me, and allow me to select a title for it. I am halting between "Silas Honeycombe's Folly" and "My Husband's Last Novel"—all

the while feeling quite dispirited to think that my brightness is to be eclipsed, and that Maria Honeycombe must be swallowed up in Silas!

If you know of any one who wants to buy a large crop of parsnips and turnips, and fifty bushels of potatoes, send him to La Ruche. He may have the parsnips and turnips for the trouble of digging them—they are "knee-deep," as frogs say, in the soil. Mr. Honeycombe put off getting them in, till the ground became so frozen it refused to give them up, and then went to his book on gardening to "show me in black and white" that he was right. I turned to the title page, and pointed to "Baltimore," where the book was published.

"It may suit that latitude," I said, "but you'd better buy a Canada publication for this region."

As for our potatoes, we both thought they would decay unless the air could have free access to them. So Tom was ordered to take out the sashes in the potato cellar. The consequence is that they are frozen, of course. We will sell them low, and really they are not so very bad—only a little watery, and black specks in them occasionally. They are quite sweet—indeed, for Irish potatoes they are the sweetest I ever saw. Tom grins and says the pigs don't like them at all; but then, you know pigs are not expected to be epicures, though epicures are undoubtedly pigs, sometimes. To any one who likes the peculiar taste, they would be a great bargain.

We have been reading "Aurora Leigh." It is a perfect gem, too bright to be mentioned at this late page of my letter. Some day, if you will allow me, I will give you a few choice extracts. Extract of Aurora! Would you not class that under the head of *light* reading?

MARIA HONEYCOMBE.

January 24th, 1857.

MAN'S WORK—God appoints to each of his creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably, if they acquit themselves like men and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence, there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure shall shine before men, and be of service constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be, but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which worthily used will be a gift also to his race forever.

—[RUSKIN.]

HISTORICAL BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

At what time Botany first began to be studied as a science, has never yet been satisfactorily ascertained. That in the most remote ages man had his herbs and roots, that he was acquainted with the properties of one plant and the use, of another, is exceedingly probable. The first American settlers found the Indians conversant with the medicinal qualities of many of the indigenous plants; and some of their remedies have actually been adopted by those who have driven them from their wigwams and the hunting-grounds of their fathers.

Ancient History teaches us that the Chaldeans brought to Egypt from the East a knowledge of certain hurtful and useful plants; and that Esculapius and Hippocrates, among the Greeks, applied to roots and herbs for medicine. These were the first luminaries that broke the surrounding darkness; the first distinguished names which were left behind.

The historical era of Botany, however, commences with Theophrastus, the pupil of Aristotle, three hundred years before Christ. He wrote a work containing a description of the anatomy, and mode of propagation of more than five hundred species. For this reason Theophrastus has been called the "Father of Botany."

Dioscorides, a Greek from Natolia, sixty years after Christ, described more than six hundred plants. His writings were corrupted by the Arabs, who nevertheless made some little progress in botany. We have received from the Arabs much valuable information. They have been our preceptors in chemistry and mathematics, and we have derived from them a knowledge of the healing virtues of several of the plants at present used in medicine, such as senna leaves, manna, rhubarb, cassia, and tamarind pith. These advances were made before they became infatuated with the Mahomedan imposture. Since that period they have done nothing for science.

A cessation of all philosophical inquiry into the nature of vegetation now continued through a period of more than fifteen hundred years, which has been very properly termed the dark ages; when the human mind was crushed into the most revolting ignorance. This was the reign of priestly folly and fanaticism, the power of which was broken with the revival of letters, and the progress of discovery. We believe

now in no retrograde movement. Never more shall the fires of religious persecution be kindled. The blood of nations has streamed again and again for religious and political liberty, the battle is won, the vantage ground gained, and it is not in the power of any combination of religious and political despots ever again to enslave the mind.

We have not space to enumerate the names of one half of the many botanists who now appeared in all the countries of Europe. The most remarkable are Otto Brussels, Hieronymus Bock, and Leonard Fuchs in Germany, after whom the beautiful plant called the fuschia, or ladies' ear-drop, is called; Andrea Matthioli, Andrea Cissalpino, and Marcellus Malpighi, in Italy. The last botanist was the first to call attention to the minute structure of plants, and his work on the "Anatomy of Plants" was published by the Royal Society of London, in two folio volumes, in 1682.

Among the many eminent men whose labors and discoveries have brought botany to its present state of perfection, three are particularly to be distinguished as pre-eminently illustrious in science, Tournefort, Linnæus, and Jussieu. These three men represent three periods, which mark the progress of the science for a century and a half.

Joseph Pillon de Tournefort was born at Aix, in Provence, on the fifth of June, 1656, and was appointed professor of botany at the "Garden of Plants," at Paris, under Louis XIV. He first had the talent to trace with admirable precision the characters of all the genera known during his time, and to show the species which belonged to them. This was an immense advance, because before Tournefort, there existed no fixity in generic groups, no botanist having yet had the hardihood to determine with precision the limits of their characters. He formed twenty-two classes whose distinguishing marks rest on the presence or absence, form and proportions of the *corolla*. Although this arrangement has great defects, yet it prepared the way to a better system, and the greatest men have instructed themselves through the same.

In the middle of the eighteenth century Linnæus recognised and proved the sexes of plants, and employed the characters taken from their organs, to establish the different divisions of a system of classification, which in all its parts

is marked by the most admirable precision. Tournefort had simply given the characters of the genera, but Linnæus went farther; he created a botanical nomenclature which all naturalists have adopted, and the principle on which it is founded is now introduced into natural history generally. Before his time, the species belonging to each genus were confused in their characters and limits. Each had to be designated by a long phrase expressive of its most prominent characteristics, a phrase which was generally too long for the memory to retain. As new plants were discovered, new words were added to the generic name, in order to distinguish it from the new plant. Thus the common crowfoot (*Ranunculus acris*) was called *Ranunculus pratensis, erectus acris*, to distinguish it from the creeping and aquatic species; another species, the small-flowered crowfoot, (*Ranunculus abortivus*), was called *Ranunculus foliis, radicalibus reniformibus crenatis petiolatis, canlinis, paucis digitalis sessilibus*.

Linnæus put a stop to this barbarous system, which formed a serious impediment to the progress of the science. He proposed that the name of every plant should consist of two words; one designating the genus, and the other the species. For example, all the species of oak and rose, &c., have a common name, *quercus* and *rosa*; this is their generic name. But each species of each of these genera independently of this common or generic name, have a particular one added to the first, and which, for this reason, is called the specific name. Thus in the genus *quercus*, the common white oak is called *quercus alba*, the Spanish oak *quercus falcata*, the black jack or barren oak, *quercus nigra*, and the red oak *quercus rubra*, etc. These words *alba, falcata, nigra*, and *rubra*, added to *quercus*, being specific names, which have an especial reference to a particular species of oak. This admirable method of naming species originated with Linnæus, and is only one of the many advantages which accrued to science through his genius.

At length Jussieu, or rather Bernard de Jussieu, and Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, founded the method of natural families, on a profound knowledge of vegetable organization. Bernard de Jussieu had devoted his attention for many years to the discovery of a natural method, and being employed by Louis XV. to establish a botanical garden at Trianon, in 1759, he arranged the genera into natural orders, without publishing anything during his lifetime. It was reserved for his nephew, Antoine Laurent de Jussieu, to give the first successful exposi-

tion of the natural system of botany, which he did in his incomparable work entitled "*Genera Plantarum secundum Ordines Naturales, disposita*, or Genera of Plantes arranged according to their Natural Orders," which was published at Paris in 1789. "This octavo volume," says Sir J. E. Smith, "was received by acclamation throughout Europe, and hailed as the most learned botanical work that had appeared since the '*Species Plantarum*' of Linnæus."

From this period the science of botany advanced with unexampled rapidity. The views of Jussieu somewhat modified have been carried out by the labors of De Candolle, Robert Brown, Endlicher, Lindley, and other celebrated botanists, so that an entire change has been effected in the appearance of the science within the last forty years. The treatises of the illustrious German poet and philosopher, Goethe, on the metamorphosis of plants, published in 1790, the microscopical observations of Mohl and Schleiden on cell development, and of Fritzsche, Amici, and Meyen, on pollen; the researches of Gaudichand, Mirbel and others, on the structure of wood; and above all, the famous work of Swann, "*Microscopic Researches into the accordance in structure and growth of Plants and Animals*," first published at Berlin in 1839, have greatly promoted our knowledge of the affinities and alliances of plants, and shown the importance of the science as an introduction to the philosophical study of other branches of natural history.

The application of the microscope to botanical researches, and the use of a few chemical reagents, are doing much to make us acquainted with the chemical composition of plants, and the nature of their manifold products in modern times; besides the number of genera and species has been greatly increased by the constant discoveries which are being made in different parts of the world, so that Endlicher, Lindley, Brongniart and others have found it necessary to establish a great many new orders.

This brief sketch of botanical history shows that the science is but an assemblage of facts brought to light by the labors of many individuals. Every age produces its philosophers, and thus continual additions are made to human knowledge as the world grows older. It is but just that those who have labored for posterity should be had in perpetual remembrance, that their names should be mentioned by the historian, and associated with the discoveries which they have made. He who thus reveals any of the hidden laws of nature is immortal. He survives the ruins of the grave.

It is, nevertheless, but too often the fate of genius and science to struggle on through life with difficulties, and go down to the grave unrewarded. Yet even then there is a pleasure in rectitude of purpose, in the study of nature, and in communion with sympathising minds which is its own reward. How delightful, even if we are poor, to be able to hold communion

with nature in our rambles, to look with an intellectual and appreciating eye on the forest and floral beauties of the landscape. How much more becoming the dignity of rational beings, than to walk abroad and tread on the flowers and gaze on the trees as thousands do, with about as much appreciation as a "cow on a common, or a goose on a green."

THE OCEAN.

BY MAGGIE STEWART.

THE Ocean! solemn and sublime,
A volume of deep mysteries,
A poem from the Hand divine,
Spread out beneath the sunny skies;
How like a sleeping child it seems,
Whose thoughts are in the land of dreams!

In fury 'gainst the beetling rock
Its waters madly dash and roar,
Then smoothly glide and gently lave
The bright-hued shell and sandy shore;
Reflecting from its bosom bright
"Fair Luna's" soft and silvery light.

A voice of music hath the sea—
A deep, grand bass of solemn tone,
When mad Boreas rules the wave,
Anon, as if some spirits moan;
A sad, wild dirge of sorrow swells
Like mournful sound of funeral bells.

Behold yon bark! how like a bird
She skims the blue and foaming main,
And hearts have said the parting word
To friends they'll never see again,
A "thing of beauty," joy, and song,
'Mid sunshine bright she glides along.

But clouds are darkening o'er the sky,
The zephyr changes to a wail,
The rippling wave swells "mountain high,"
And louder grows the sullen wail.
The Storm-god raves—and prayers are said,
And far-off friends weep for the dead.

Ah! sings the sea a wailing dirge
O'er all her vast, uncounted dead,
Who sleep far down in coral caves,
For whom so many tears were shed?
No flowers are planted o'er their graves,
Unknown beneath the restless waves.

A voice of music hath the sea,
For often solemn anthems roll
In strains of sweetest melody,
That thrill, subdue our inmost soul;
And then a clear and silvery chime
To which our beating hearts keep time.

Oh! there is joy 'mid woodland bowers,
When we are wearied and alone;
And there is beauty 'mong the flowers
And sympathy in music's tone;
But give to me the witching grace
Of Ocean's fair and beaming face.

The forest wild or murmur'ing stream
Give not more deep or pure delight.
It is a picture full of change,
That shows new grace at every sight,
A poem full of thought sublime;
We see God's hand in every line.

And such is life, now calm and still,
Now full of change and wild unrest,
'Tis God alone can "still the storm,"
Old Ocean bows at His behest;
His power alone can bring a calm,
Make Ocean's wail a soothing psalm.

Albion, Mich., Nov. 27th.

SOME PEOPLE are brought into the world to accomplish a marvellous mission, and that mission is to ferret out obliquities in others. Of course it is not expected that these apostles have any business with themselves; their mis-

sion is violent, and does not admit of time to scrutinize their own position. What profit is it that they should stop to consider their own peccadillos, when the enormities of their neighbors loom up like mountains?

THE COUNTERFEIT DOLLAR.

BY A. L. OTIS.

A RICHLY dressed lady, followed by a manservant, stopped at a market-stall one Saturday, and bought a pair of chickens of the old huckster woman. The lady offered a five dollar bill which the huckster could not change. A man making some purchases at the same time, offered to oblige the huckster by taking the bill, and giving five gold dollars for it. He gave them to her, and she returned the just change to the lady.

The latter had not walked a square before she discovered that one of the gold coins was counterfeit. She took it back to the market-woman, who insisted upon her taking a good dollar instead, saying that she would see the man who had given her the bad one, the next time he passed, and make him take it back.

Quite willing not to lose the dollar, the lady consented. A few days afterwards she passed the stall again, and stopped to ask if the woman had yet seen the man who had given her the counterfeit dollar.

"Laws, no, honey," was the reply. "I wasn't going to let you keep it, being as you are my best customer; but I just passed it off, the very next time I had to make change, and no fuss! Never you mind, honey, the woman as I give it to, served me the very same trick, last week. I was glad to get a chance to pay her off."

"I am very sorry it is going any further," said the lady. "I came here on purpose to get it, and destroy it. I thought I could better afford to lose it than many another. Now I shall always be sorry I did not do my duty when I had it in my power."

"Laws, then I wish I'd kept it, for Peg Blye, who I gin it to, will likely pass it off on some poor body; and it does seem fair that the big-bugs should lose what *must* be lost, anyhow. I will just see if Peg has got it yet, if you're willing to wait a bit."

No—Peg had not got it! She would have scorned to keep it so long. But chosing her victim with some discretion, among those she called the big-bugs, she gave it to a rich, middle-aged man, whose fingers were so cold that he was less particular in examining his change than usual. Arrived at home, he found the dollar bad, but could not remember at what stall he had received it; so in great indignation

at the dishonesty of those hucksters, he had to make up his mind to pocket his loss.

He went to church regularly—or rather, to Methodist meeting—but of all things, he hated the poor-plate which was passed around for contributions every Sunday. Yet he generally put something into it, because folks' eyes were upon him. The next Sunday when it came round, he maliciously put therein the counterfeit dollar. "There," thought he, "you are welcome to that!"

He did not blush, or look, or feel ashamed. Observers would never know the cheat. However, when the preacher read in the Bible-lesson about Ananias and Sapphira, he had to comfort himself with the remembrance that the age for miracles is past.

That afternoon a lady called upon him, and complained that a counterfeit dollar, which she had given to such a huckster, had been transferred to another, who had given it to him. She had come to redeem that dollar, as her conscience troubled her about it, and she supposed it was still in his possession, of course.

The avaricious man always took great care of his reputation. He protested that the market-woman must have been mistaken, as he could show her every gold dollar in the house, and they were all good. She must have given it to some other man.

The lady was so sure, that she hesitated, and was inclined to urge the matter, when the unlucky wife, said to her husband:

"George, you put a gold dollar on the poor-plate. That must have been it."

Shame and anger suffused his face; but he said plausibly: "Oh, perhaps so! I did not think of that! Now, what a pity! I should have observed more closely. But I will make it up another time."

"I feared it would be so. It has gone to the poor, who can least bear its loss," said the lady sadly. "But it is my fault, and I must trace it out. Who is your pastor, sir?"

Being informed, the persevering lady called upon him.

To go back a little. When the deacon, or whatever he may be called, saw the little gold coin deposited amidst the copper and small silver, on the plate he was passing around the meeting, he was rejoiced; and as he was also

treasurer, he took the amount home and placed it in the fund. The ministers to that church are supported altogether by voluntary contributions, and the time being come for paying the allowance to their pastor, it was counted out, and to make change, some money taken from the poor-fund—the counterfeit dollar being part of it.

The good man received his pittance with joy, which was shared by his needy wife, and their nine children. There was much planning and plotting as to the spending of the small sum. All extravagant hopes from it were brought into due compass, and every dollar appropriated in the most absolutely necessary manner. The father retired to write a sermon upon the bounty of God, and the wife, who was banker and disbursing, went to put away the money. Then she detected the base coin. With indignant flushing cheeks, she took it to her husband.

"Oh," he said, "it is hard, hard! But the Lord will teach us how to do without it. He feeds the young ravens."

"Do you think it would be wrong to pass it, husband? I mean at some of those rich dry-goods stores. I can't very well do without my new gown. We are so poor! Others would not miss it. It came to us as a good one. We need not be too particular."

"Oh wife," was the reply, "this is a temptation of Satan. Passing a counterfeit dollar is just the same as telling a lie, and setting other folks to tell lies, too. Throw it into the fire, that it may deceive and disappoint no one else, and forget we ever had it. That is all we can do."

The wife, discontented and sad, returned to her work of mending the children's clothes. Her eldest daughter, a girl of twelve, was ironing in the kitchen. She came in with a woful face, saying:

"Mother, dear, look here! Father's best linen neck-cloth was hanging on the chair, and baby pulled it off and switched the corner of it into the fire. It was half burned up before I could put it out. What will father do?"

The child was reproved too sharply, for not taking more heed, and went crying to her work.

"It is too bad," said the mother, "that we must be the ones to suffer always. But father shall not be the loser by the carelessness of his people. I won't put up with it! That bad dollar came from the congregation, and it shall go back to them."

So she put on her bonnet, and went to the gentleman's furnishing store, kept by Mr. B., a member of their church. She bought her

husband a new neck-cloth, which she hoped he would never know from the old one.

That very day the lady called and asked to see the Reverend Mr. —. She told the story of the counterfeit dollar, and asked if he had seen anything of it, saying that she had come to redeem it. The minister said it had luckily fallen into his own hands, and joyfully did he hasten to his wife's room."

"God verily numbers the hairs of our heads," he said. "He will not suffer one of his little sparrows to fall to the ground. Give me the bad dollar, for a lady has come to give us a good one in its place."

Then came the agony of confession to the hitherto honest wife. She will weep and writhe to her dying day at the remembrance of that look of surprise and wounded trust, which her beloved husband's face wore as he heard it. She went at once to the lady, and told her all. It was a brave deed, for she was a minister's wife, with a whole congregation watching to detect a slip from her uprightness. The lady, she feared, would be sure to report her delinquency, but she had fallen into merciful hands, and her fault was kept secret. They went together to the furnishing store.

The store-keeper examined his till and desk. There was no such dollar to be found, and no one could tell to whom it had been given. One of the shop-girls had probably passed it without seeing that it was not good. The lady left a dollar to replace it, should any one bring it back, and went home disappointed. Her husband was a magistrate, and she knew that he was so strict in bringing offenders to justice, that she never mentioned to him this counterfeit, for fear of getting the market-woman into trouble for passing it, knowing it to be such.

That night her husband came home from his office looking exceedingly weary and sad. His wife pressed to know the reason.

"Oh," said he, "the duties of my office are sometimes so painful! I have just had to send such a nice, lady-like woman to the lock-up for the night, because it was too late to examine her at once. She seemed in great distress about something; but she can't speak a word of English, so I couldn't make it out. I think though that her husband is sick."

"Why not let her go, and take her up again in the morning?"

"Well, she is accused of a serious charge—counterfeiting—and her distress may be all sham, only a plan to get her husband off. I don't want him warned. I have set a watch about the house, but can do no more until

morning. There are great numbers of counterfeit gold dollars in circulation, and this woman, her neighbors say, has tried to pass three within a week. I have been very anxious to discover the rogues; but I don't believe this woman has anything to do with it. However, I had to shut her up, the neighbors are so indignant. To-morrow it will be looked into, and the woman set free, I have no doubt."

"Perhaps her poor sick husband may die of anxiety and alarm, meanwhile."

"Well, put on your bonnet, wife. You can speak German. I should feel easier, I confess, if I knew more about this matter, and we will go to her residence."

The wife hastily made ready. They had to go to a dirty, narrow court, peopled by the lowest Irish. When they arrived and inquired for the man, they were shown into a destitute room, without fire or light, at the door of which they had knocked, but received no answer. When they approached the bed a man spoke as if just awaking, and said in German:

"Olga, have you come? I am so cold, and I have been dying for a drink of water. I could not reach my medicine, Olga, and it is long past the hour. But, poor wife, you have gone through much, no doubt—and have they paid you?"

The magistrate sent the officious neighbors for fire and light, while his wife gradually broke the news to the husband, for he had not heard of his wife's arrest. The neighbors were afraid to tell it to a man so ill. He was lying, wasted by a low fever almost to a skeleton. He seemed horror-struck at the idea of his wife's disgrace, and turning away from the lady, he wept bitterly. From ejaculations, and fragmentary sentences she gathered, that he belonged to a noble family in some little German principality, and had been obliged, on account of sympathy with Hungary, to fly with his wife. They had expended all their means, before they had been able to get any employment, and since the failure of her husband's health, the poor wife had struggled to support them both, with her needle. He turned to his visitors again to explain about the counterfeits. He said, the neighborhood and market-people, gave his wife bad money repeatedly, thinking shrewdly that she, being a foreigner, would not be likely to know the true coin well. When she ignorantly tried to buy things with this bad money, she was harshly treated. Therefore, when she had another gold dollar given to her, he supposed she had shown it to her neighbors to ask if it

were good, and had not been able to make herself understood by them. He had not seen her since she left him to take home some shirts to Mr. B.'s furnishing-store.

The magistrate perceived that these people were innocent, and went at once to obtain the woman's release, while his wife stayed and busied herself in procuring comforts for the destitute invalid, without consulting him at all about it, for she saw that his proud spirit rebelled against receiving as charity even the means of prolonging life.

It was not long before her husband returned, and never was there a sadder or a tenderer meeting than between the sick man and his liberated wife. Although medical attendance was procured, and every comfort placed about him, the sufferer died that night, blessing with his last words the lady who had enabled him to have the comfort of his wife's presence in his last dark hour.

The lady herself, however, felt keenly self-condemned. She told her husband the whole story, shedding tears of pain.

"What a dreadful chain of sin and sorrow I have occasioned," she said.

"I do not think you were to blame," her husband replied, "for you only left the dollar to be given to the true passer of it."

"Oh, no! I was almost sure that the market-woman would not be particular. I thought she would get rid of it the first chance she had. Yet, I said, 'that is no concern of mine.' It was an indifference to right which has had the force of intentional wickedness. See what a series of sins I occasioned. The market-woman gratified her revenge first, and did a dishonest act besides; then that hateful hypocrite put it into the poor-fund, in church—cheating in the very temple. The moment his wife spoke of his contribution, I saw detected guilt in his face, but he told more falsehoods—he pretended he did it by mistake, and that he would make it up! Then the poor minister's wife, over-tempted by poverty to be dishonest! Oh, what agony it will always be to her, to remember it, and to me to know that I occasioned it! And then the starving, innocent German lady, who came near being deprived of her husband's last kiss; and who endured hours of misery knowing that he was suffering in her absence! Oh, husband,

'One ill deed
Sows countless seed.'

I shall never forget this lesson. Pray God that every one of my sins of omission may not be followed by such a train of mischief!"

To be a reminder of her fault, the lady had the dollar set in a plain bracelet, and wore it constantly clasped upon her arm. Every day the base coin left a green mark of corrosion, and, as she washed it off, she thought how blessed it would be if the consequences of sin could be as easily effaced. But that she knew, by experience, could not be. In the three days since she had first been careless of the

right, that dollar, which she had suffered to slip through her fingers, had brought sin or unhappiness to herself, the two hucksters, the hypocrite, the minister's wife, and the persecuted foreigner. They, none of them, would ever during their whole lives, escape from the consequences of her culpable neglect, in not stopping the circulation of that Counterfeit Dollar.

GOOD NATURE.

Good nature is not usually reckoned among the Christian virtues; but it is the nurse of them all. Sunshine is neither a fruit nor a flower, but it is the parent of both. What is good nature but benevolence? It bears the same relation to religious benevolence which common sense does to genius. Genius is common sense in a sublime form, applied to higher pursuits. Good nature—a happy, smiling, cheerful state of mind, which will not be offended and will not offend, borne about in daily life, and pervading common, homely, and minute affairs—is a true benevolence, though the specialties of it may seem small and unimportant. Very few of us need the courage which would face death and carry us to martyrdom. We need a thousand times more those Christian virtues which will keep us from being snappish before breakfast; which will make us patient when some one treads upon a corn; which will quell pride upon petty provocations; that will make us attentive to the feelings of the poor and humble; which will arm us with fortitude against the little frets and

bickers of domestic life; or make us kind and forbearing with men that seem harsh and unfair in their dealing with us. Indeed, if we choose to think so, daily life is a martyrdom, and cares and annoyances are the slivers and fagots heaped about us for torment. Weariness, discouragement, irritations, disputes, misunderstandings, mean pride and meaner vanity—these are the rabble rout that gather about the victim to help to immolate him. In our day, no doubt, it requires more grace for some men to be good-natured—simply and evenly good-natured—than it required in some old martyrs to be burnt at the stake. There are coals hotter than any which come from wood. There is smoke more suffocating than any which fagots make. But it is worth whatever it may cost. It will pay a man in his own spirit. It will make life golden. It is the philosopher's stone that changes dull metals to gold. It will give men power. It is not an ambitious grace, but it is grace of signal powerfulness. No man has such advantage over others as he whom no man can provoke.

"DEAL GENTLY WITH MY CHILDREN, WORLD."

BY HELEN L. DOSTWICK.

Deal gently with my children, World!
To thee, perchance, they seem not fair—
The blue-veined brows, the amber hair,
The cheeks, where warmest suns have play'd,
Till light rings mark the dimples' shade;
The timid eyes upturned to thine,
May speak not as they speak to mine.
I care not, World—though Beauty's key
Wins ever golden gifts from thee—
It matters not if dim or fair
The *casque* be, so thou dost spare
The priceless *gem* it holds imperaled—
Deal gently with my children, World!

Deal gently with my children, World!
They cannot bear what some have borne,
Thy cold contempt, thy cruel scorn!
There are, whose proud, rebellious souls,
Such discipline alone controls.
But these—oh! they were made for love!
Thy *lightest* chastening let them prove;
I would that they may never know
A wounded spirit's hopeless woe;
That thou wouldst spare each tender heart,
The rankling barb, the venom'd dart,
From *Slander's* brimming quiver hurled—
Deal gently with my children, World!

LOOSE LEAVES FROM A TOURIST'S JOURNAL—No. III.

BY REV. JOHN HENRY CANOLL.

LONDON—ST. PAUL'S—THE ROYAL PALACES—CRIME AND VAGRANCY—NEED OF EDUCATIONAL REFORM, AND A PROPER BASIS FOR BENEVOLENT EXERTION.

ONE bright morning in July, having turned aside from the bustle of Cheapside, and pursued the straight and narrow way of Paternoster Row, I entered, for the third or fourth time within twenty-four hours, the precincts of St. Paul's Cathedral. Passing by, therefore, on this occasion, the spectral figures peering out from niches, or looking down from pediments and columns, I began the arduous, almost hazardous* ascent of the numerous stairways leading to the gallery which surmounts the dome. Having ascended more than six hundred steps—pausing to view the library, the geometrical or hanging stairs, the whispering gallery, and other points of interest presented on the way—I at last reached the highest point of the edifice, from which can be obtained a view of the city and surrounding country. What a diversity of objects claimed attention! The dome of the cathedral was far below. I gazed down on its pinnacles and towers, which were now as distant as when, from the narrow street, I looked upward to their proud eminence. Around were the innumerable creations of labor and art, of luxury and refinement, of Christianity and civilization; and signs of vice, and misery, and destitution, were easily discernible. On one side were the royal palaces of Buckingham and St. James, constituting the national drawing-room and theatre for state ceremonies, and the conventionalities of royalty, reminding one of "the chains, the bracelets, the mufflers, and the bonnets; the rings, the changeable suits of apparel, the mantles; the wimples and the crisping-pins; the glasses and the fine linen; the hoods and the veils," denounced by a Jewish prophet in the ages of the past. On the other side, in the direction of the Tower, were St. Katharine's and the London dock, with their myriads of masts and spars. The Thames was before me, on my right, rushing beneath the span of the Suspension Bridge; while at my left it flowed over the arches of the Tunnel. On every side were the evidences of commercial activity and mercan-

tile success. But—though I would deprecate the day in which the wings of commerce should be folded in needless inactivity, or should flutter in the fever of reckless speculation—I could not contemplate the surrounding prospect without apostrophising, in the words of the Hebrew seer, that spirit of selfish aggrandisement which is as potent an element in modern civilization as it was in the blazed-out glories of antiquity. Truly, I thought, with "thy riches and thy fairs, and thy merchandise; thy pilots, thy calkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise; and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and all thy company which is in the midst of thee," *thy rovers have brought thee into great waters!* For there are evils in the very constitution of the British society, which affect even those, who, under a fatal hallucination, are extending them. Think of it, patriot and statesman, in the shadows of that royal household is sheltered a political establishment which costs the nation annually more than 30,000,000 pounds sterling, or more than 150,000,000 dollars, while in the American Union the principal expenses of government, aside from the maintenance of its little army and feeble navy, do not exceed a million dollars. Think of it, philanthropist and Christian, that while looking down from that church edifice, which has but one rival, and acknowledges but one superior throughout the world; that while gazing out upon a metropolis which annually devotes millions to the support of gospel ministrations, there were around me men, and women, and children, thousands in the aggregate, aye tens of thousands, all human and immortal beings, whose evil ways caused them to shun the fresh air and the bright sunshine of that summer's morning; whose poverty or infirmities prisoned them in damp and subterranean abodes; whose moral blindness and mental imbecility were so great, in consequence of the absence or neglect of religious and educational influences, that they threaded the busy streets, lounged at the drinking-houses, or swarmed at the wharves—the personifications of vice, misery and degradation.

True, the popular idea of a universal millennium and a perfect communism may never be realized—perhaps one is not less to be deprecated than the other—yet neither the autho-

* Many of the passages are narrow, tortuous, and dimly lighted.

rities of London nor the national government are justified in withholding any practicable means for the mitigation of such evils. Is it not strange, then, that the most potent, most effectual of all means, has not been adopted, when, of all methods, it is the simplest and most obvious? I allude to the necessity of organizing, throughout the metropolis and the nation, an efficient system of popular education. A wisely planned and judiciously managed common-school system, extending its advantages freely to the young of all classes, and providing for cases of wilful and of involuntary neglect of its opportunities, would perhaps do more for the amelioration of the evils which have been adverted to, than could be accomplished by the most devoted efforts of individual benevolence.

But more than this is needed. There is here, as well as elsewhere in the civilized world, a radical defect in the very framework of society, requiring the attention of every unselfish mind. For, whether it arises from individual depravity, and wilful errors, or from involuntary and unanticipated contingencies, human nature and

human misery are as deserving of the attention of the statesman and Christian as of the philanthropist. But the practical statesman and the avowed philanthropist and Christian are not alone interested in the welfare of every individual of the human family. If nobler incentives are without force, considerations of expediency, policy and self-interest, should practically insure to every man, as an individual, not merely the rights and privileges, but also the esteem and fraternal regard which are abstractly accorded to mankind in the aggregate. Whether the direction of a true philanthropy should be left to the intermitting and partial efforts of individual exertion, instead of being made the systematic care of national or public management, will ultimately become the subject of general consideration; at present, it is incumbent upon every true man, whether he is a citizen of London or the papal city, of New York or the city of the Czar, to give practical evidence of his regard for each individual man; thereby cherishing in his own bosom, and kindling in others, the glow of fraternal sympathy with the universal brotherhood.

TO MINNIE MARY LEE.

BY S. P. D.

THE grass will grow on Willie's grave,
The snow will melt away,
The early flowers of spring will bloom,
Beneath the sun's warm ray.

Sad mother, let the warm rays fall
Within thy sorrowing heart,
Look up—the Sun of Righteousness
Can heavenly peace impart.

Look up: look up;—that holy love
Which God to us hath given,—
A *mother's* love,—rests not on earth,
It hath its home in heaven.

Go wipe the dust from Willie's chair,
And from his little sled;
No dust should rest on Willie's things,—
He lies not with the dead.

'Tis true the earthly covering rests
Beneath the grassy sod,
But with a form more glorious
Thy Willie rose to God.

More beautiful the "beauteous hair,"
The beaming eye more bright,

For Willie lives in heaven now—
The world of love and light.

Oh, think not of a far off land,
A shadowy place above,
Remember heaven is Willie's home—
That very thought brings love.

The precious one you fondly strove
To shield from earthly ill,
Hath now an angel-mother's care,
But thou art near him still.

For even while we live on earth,
A heavenly home is ours,
And we may join the angel band
Who guard our earth-born flowers.

The spirit-world is near us now,
The veil between is thin;
Each thought, each word, each act of love,
Reveals the heaven within.

Then let not night obscure the day,
And earth appear less fair,
But let thy spirit rise to heaven,
And meet thy Willie there.

East Bridgewater, Mass. March 9th, 1857.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE YOUNG GOVERNESS

CHAPTER V.

"MOTHER, can't I take my music lesson first?" said Madeline. It was on the morning after her fruitless effort to be mistress instead of scholar.

Mrs. Dainty was in the middle of one of the most absorbing chapters of the *Mysteries of Paris*, a book which she had read until twelve o'clock on the night previous, and to which she had turned, immediately after her late breakfast, with the eagerness of a mere excitement-lover. She did not heed her daughter's question. Only the sound of a disturbing voice was perceived.

"Mother!" Agnes uttered her name in a loud, impatient tone, grasping her arm as she spoke, and shaking it to attract attention.

"What do you want? you troublesome girl!" Mrs. Dainty turned angrily towards her daughter.

"Can't I take my music lesson first?"

"I don't care what lesson you take first! Go away, and don't disturb me!"

This was the mother's thoughtless answer. Agnes glided away in triumph, and Mrs. Dainty's eyes fell back to the pages of her book, unconscious of the meaning of her reply.

"I'm going to take my music lesson first," said Agnes, as she came into the study-room, where Miss Harper was seated with George and Madeline. And she tightened her lips firmly, elevated her chin, and tossed her head jauntily; while from her clear, dark eyes, looked out upon her teacher a spirit of proud defiance.

"Very well," replied Florence, in a voice that showed not the slightest disturbance. "At twelve o'clock I will be ready to give the lesson."

"I'm going to take it now," said Agnes, drawing up her petite form to its extreme height, and looking, or rather trying to look, very imperious.

Miss Harper could scarcely help smiling; but she repressed all feeling, and merely answered:

"You can practise your scales for the next two hours, if you prefer doing so, Agnes. At twelve, I will give you a lesson."

"I'll go and tell mother that you won't give me my music lesson!" said the baffled, indignant girl, flirting out of the room.

"Mother!" She had grasped the arm of her mother again.

"Go away, and don't annoy me!" Mrs. Dainty threw out her arm, and swept her daughter away from her side.

"Mother!" Agnes had pressed back again, determined that she would be heard.

"What do you want?" Mrs. Dainty dropped her

book from before her face, and turned, with anger flashing in her eyes, upon her daughter.

"Miss Harper won't give me my music lesson!"

"Oh dear! There's to be nothing but trouble with that stuck-up girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty. "I saw it from the first."

And tossing her book from her, she started up, and went with quick steps and a burning face to the room where Miss Harper sat with the two children next younger than Agnes, who were leaning upon her and looking up into her face, gathering intelligence from her eyes as well as her fitly-spoken words.

"See here, miss!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty, as she came sweeping into the room, "I'm getting tired of this kind of work, and it must end! What do you mean by refusing to give Agnes her music lesson?"

"Do you wish her music to precede her French?" Very calmly, and with a quiet dignity that rebuked the excited mother, was this question asked; but Mrs. Dainty was partially blinded by anger, and obeying an ill-natured impulse, made answer:

"I want no airs nor assumptions from such as you! I hired you to instruct the children, not to set them by the ears. I saw, from the beginning, that you wouldn't suit this house—that a little brief authority would make a tyrant of you, as it does of all vulgar minds."

Mrs. Dainty was losing herself entirely.

The face of Miss Harper flushed instantly; and for a moment or two an indignant fire burned in her eyes. But right thoughts soon find a controlling influence in all superior minds. The assailed young governess regained, almost as quickly as it had been lost, her calmness of exterior; nor was this calmness merely on the surface. She made no farther remark, until the stubble fire in Mrs. Dainty's mind had flashed up to its full height, and then died down for want of solid fuel. Then, in a voice that betrayed nothing of disturbed feeling, she said:

"If it is your wish, madam, that Agnes should take her music lesson first, I have no objection. My duty is to teach her, and I am trying to do so faithfully. But, things must be done in order. Establish any rules you deem best, and I will adhere to them faithfully."

"Give Agnes her music lesson!" Mrs. Dainty spoke with an offensive imperiousness—waving her hand towards the door.

Miss Harper did not move.

"Do you hear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty. The fires had received a new supply of stubble.

"Fool!"

Mrs. Dainty turned quickly, a shame-spot already on her cheek, and met the angry eyes and contemptuous face of Uncle John, who had thrown his voice into her ears alone.

"Fool!" His lips shaped the word for her eyes; and she saw it as plainly as if it had been written in staring capitals.

Uncle John beckoned to her with his head, stepping back as he did so, in order to prevent the other inmates of the room from seeing him. Mrs. Dainty obeyed the signal, and, without venturing another remark, retired from the study-room, and sweeping past Uncle John, sought refuge in her own chamber.

"Ain't you going to give me my music lesson, Miss?"

If her mother had retired from the field, there was no disposition, whatever, on the part of Agnes to follow her example.

"Certainly," was the mild, evenly-spoken answer.

"Come along, then, and give it to me now."

"I will be ready at twelve o'clock, Agnes."

"Mother told you to give it to me now, and you've got to do it."

"Oh, don't talk so to Miss Harper, Aggy!" said Madeline, her voice trembling and her eyes filling with tears.

The words came just in season. Miss Harper felt that all this was more than she ought to bear; and outraged pride was about rising above convictions of duty.

"Georgey and I love you. We will say our lessons." The sweet child lifted her large, beautiful, eyes to the face of her governess.

"Tell us a story, won't you, Miss Harper?"

It was George who made the request.

"As soon as you and Madeline have said your lessons, I will tell you a nice little story." And Florence won him to her will with a kiss.

The lesson books were opened instantly, and, the light tasks set, the little ones entered upon them with willing spirits.

"Come and give me my music lesson!" broke in, discordantly, the voice of Agnes.

"At twelve o'clock, Agnes." There was not the smallest sign of disturbed feeling in the manner of the governess.

"Mother will turn you out of the house! I heard her say so!"

A red spot painted itself on the brow of Miss Harper. But it faded as quickly as it came.

Seeing that she was not to have her will with the governess, Agnes flirted from the room, and sought the apartment to which her mother had retired.

"Mother! Mother! That up start thing says she won't give me my music lesson for you nor any body else!"

Now Agnes went a step too far, and at the wrong moment. It was just then dawning upon the mind of Mrs. Dainty that her daughter had exaggerated the conduct of Miss Harper, and led her into an

unlady-like exhibition of herself. The sting of mortification excited her quite enough to make her turn with sharp acrimony upon this willful daughter.

"I don't believe a word of it!" she said angrily. "All this trouble has grown out of your bad conduct. Go off and say your lessons at the right time. I won't be annoyed in this way any longer."

"But, mother! —"

Mrs. Dainty took her by the arm, and thrust her from the room, saying passionately:

"Don't let me see your face again to-day!"

For several minutes Agnes sat upon the stairs leading up to the study-room, so disappointed and mortified, that only anger kept her from tears. Down from this room came the low murmur of voices; and her ears recognized, now, that of Madeline or George, and now, that of Miss Harper. How musical was the latter, compared with the sound of her mother's rebuking tones that were still in her ears! In spite of pride and self-will, her heart acknowledged the contrast; and with this acknowledgment, touches of shame were felt. Even with mean false accusation on her side, self-will had failed to triumph. Success would have blinded her to the quality of her own spirit; but failure made her vision clearer.

All remained still in the mother's chamber and still through the house, as the mortified girl sat almost crouching on the stairs, and quiet was only disturbed faintly by the muffled voices that were heard in the study room.

Agnes could not help but think, for passion was subsiding; and thought dwelt naturally upon the persons and circumstances by which passion had been aroused into turbulence. A contrast between her mother's spirit and the spirit thus far shown by Miss Harper, forced itself upon her mind; and she saw the beauty of the one, and the deformity of the other. In spite of her pride, a feeling of respect for Miss Harper was born; and with this respect, something of contempt for her weak, passionate mother found an existence.

"Now tell us the story, won't you, Miss Harper?"

It was the voice of George, ringing down from the study-room. The lessons were over; and the promised story was to come.

Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, Agnes moved quietly up the stairs, until she was near enough to the door of the study-room to hear distinctly.

"There was once a little flower-bud." Miss Harper began her story in a low voice, and Agnes leaned forward, listening earnestly. "It was very small, and two green leaves gathered their arms closely around it, for there was a hidden treasure of sweetness in the heart of that bud. One day the cold, angry wind came along, and wanted the bud to open her beautiful pink leaves, and give out from her heart the sweet perfumes that were hidden there. He blew harshly upon her, throwing her little head first on one side and then upon the other, and called angrily for her to open, that her sweet-

ness might breathe in his ugly face. But the two green leaves only hugged their arms closer around the bud. Then he dashed her head upon the ground, and tried to trample the life out of her; for he did not love her at all; he only loved himself. The light stem that held the bud did not break, but only bent down, and when the cruel wind was gone, raised up again from the ground, and lifted the bud into the warm sunshine that was coming abroad.

"It was very different when the gentle, loving sunshine came, and asked the two green leaves to unclasp themselves, and let the bud grow into a flower, that the sweetness might come out of its little heart. Green and softer grew these leaves, and they seemed almost to smile with pleasure, as they gently fell back from the swelling bud, that opened and opened in the face of the sunshine, until it became a beautiful flower, the perfume in its heart filling all the air around.

Miss Harper paused.

"What a sweet story!" said Madeline, looking still into the face of her governess, and with wondering eyes, for she felt, child as she was, that the story had a signification.

"Love and kindness are always better than anger," said Miss Harper, answering the child's eyes.

"The sunshine was love?" said Madeline.

"Yes; and the cold wind was anger."

"And what was the flower?" asked the child.

"You and George are human flowers, dear," and from the swelling love in her pure spirit, Miss Harper pressed a kiss on the lips of both the children.

"Am I a flower?" asked George.

"I call you a little human flower," answered the governess; "a little human flower, with love in your heart, hidden away there like sweetness in the heart of the bud I was telling you about. Will you let me be your sunshine?"

The wayward boy flung his arms around the neck of Florence, and clasped her tightly, but without speaking. He felt more than he could utter.

A tear dropped upon the hand of Agnes, as she sat upon the stairs near the door of the study-room. It seemed to her as if heaven were in that room, while she was on the outside. Never in her life had she felt so strangely—never had such a sense of desolation oppressed her. That lesson of the bud, the wind and the sunshine—how deeply it had sunk into her heart! Acting from a sudden impulse, she started up, and going in where the young governess sat with an arm drawn around each of the two children, she said, with burning eyes, and a voice unsteady from emotion—

"Be my sunshine, also, Miss Harper! Oh! be my sunshine! I have long enough been hurt by the angry wind!"

An appeal so unlooked-for surprised Florence; but she did not hesitate. Rising, instantly, she took the extended hands of Agnes in both of hers, and answered—

"I have only sunshine to give, dear Agnes!"

Regard me no longer as an enemy and an oppressor. I am your friend."

"I know it—I know it, Miss Harper!"

"Your true friend," added Florence, kissing her. "And now," she added, in a sweet persuasive voice, "let us make this room sacred to peace, order, and instruction; and open all its windows for love's warm sunshine to stream in upon us daily."

"It shall be no fault of mine, if otherwise," was the low, earnest reply of the young girl, whom love had conquered.

CHAPTER VI.

"How do you like your governess?" enquired a fashionable friend, who was making a call upon Mrs. Dainty.

Mrs. Dainty shook her head, and pursed up her lips in a vulgar way that was natural to her.

"Not perfect, of course," said the friend.

"No: not within a thousand miles of perfection."

"An American girl, I presume."

"Yes." The lip of Mrs. Dainty assumed a curl of contempt.

"Poor American girls are an indifferent set," remarked the lady. "Ain't you afraid that your children will imperceptibly imitate her low habits, and vulgar way of speaking?"

"Yes: that is my great fear. Already I think I see a change."

"I wouldn't keep her an hour, if that were the case," said the lady. "No—not for the fraction of an hour," she added with emphasis. "I had almost as soon see my children vicious as vulgar; for vice may be eradicated—but vulgarity is a stain nothing can polish out."

"And, to add to her offence," remarked Mrs. Dainty, "she has assumed an upstart authority, which has kept the house in hot water ever since she came into it. The children, and particularly Agnes, will not submit to her rules and exactions."

"Why don't you pack her off? I'd do it in less than no time," said the refined acquaintance.

"I've about made up my mind to do it; and in spite of all opposition."

"Opposition! Who has any right to oppose?"

"That fussy old uncle of mine is always meddling in our affairs—Uncle John."

"Why do you keep him about the house?"

"He's my mother's brother," replied Mrs. Dainty. She could have given a better reason—but it would have been at the expense of an exposure of selfishness she did not care to make.

"If he were my mother's great grandfather, he couldn't find harbor in my house, if he interfered in what didn't concern him," said the lady.

Mrs. Dainty sighed. Uncle John was a great trouble to her, for he could say what he thought, and do what he pleased. But, then, Uncle John owned the house they lived in, which they occupied rent free, or in compensation for board. And, moreover, Uncle John was worth two or three dollars, where her not over thrifty husband was worth

one. No—no. It wouldn't just answer to turn Uncle John out o' the house; for that would be a losing business.

"If I could only find the right stamp of a governess," said Mrs. Dainty, sighing again.

"I think I know a person who would just suit you."

"Oh, indeed! Where can I see her?"

"Have you any acquaintance with Mrs. Ashton?"

"No: though I have long desired to be numbered among her friends."

"Only yesterday, she mentioned to me," said the visitor, "that she knew a highly accomplished English lady, a widow, whose husband died in the East India Company's service, and asked me to bear her in remembrance if I should hear of any one who wanted a governess."

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty. "An educated English lady! What more could I desire?"

"Nothing. Shall I speak to Mrs. Ashton about you, and learn the lady's address?"

"By all means. Won't you see her this very day?"

"If you desire it."

"Oh, I do desire it above all things."

"I will see the lady for you."

"How kind in you!"

"Shall I say that you wish to engage her?"

"Oh, by all means!"

"What will you do with your American girl?" asked the lady.

"Give her notice to quit immediately. She shall not pass another night under this roof; my mind is made up to that. The way she has acted this day decides me."

"At what time shall I tell this English lady to call?"

"I will see her at four, this afternoon."

"Very well."

"In the meantime, I will close up matters with Miss Harper."

"Is that the name of your present governess?" enquired the lady, evincing some interest.

"Yes."

"Florence Harper?"

"Yes. Do you know anything about her?"

"I knew her mother when I was a girl," replied the lady; "though I never fancied her a great deal. She had too much mock dignity for me. She married very well; and for some time moved in moderately good society. But, her husband failed in business several years ago, and died shortly afterwards, I think. So, it is her daughter you have for a governess! How things will come around! There was a time when she seemed to think I wasn't good enough to associate with her; and now her daughter has come down to the position of a hireling. Well, Well! Isn't this a queer world? If Florence is like her mother, I don't think she will suit."

"She puts on airs above her station," said Mrs. Dainty.

"An inherited fault. Her mother had a way of looking down upon every body. I couldn't bear her!"

"Humph! This spawn of hers actually assumed to put herself on a level with me, and to 'approve' my opinions in regard to the children's education! I was too provoked!"

"You'll always have trouble with her," said the lady. "The stock isn't right. Is Agnes taking lessons in music?" she enquired in a pause that followed. The sound of a piano had for some time been heard.

Mrs. Dainty drew out her watch, as she answered in the affirmative. She saw that it was half-past twelve o'clock. A moment or two she listened, while a serious expression came into her face.

"I don't like that," said she.

"What?"

"This girl is bound to have her way, I see!"

"Who?"

"Why, Miss Harper. There's been a contention between her and Agnes about the hour at which the music lesson shall be given. Agnes wished to take it at ten o'clock; but Miss Harper said twelve. I told her two hours ago to give Agnes her lesson. But, you see how it is! She means to be mistress. I'm too provoked!"

"If she begins by domineering over your children in this way, what will it be in the end? I only wonder that a girl like Agnes would submit."

"It is the last music lesson she gives in this house," said Mrs. Dainty. "My mind is made up to that. Send me the English lady, and I will engage her on the spot. Tell her that I would like her to come this very day, if it is agreeable. I will send Miss Harper away, and take her without consulting any body. When the thing is done, Uncle John may scold to his heart's content. He can't change the fact."

And so the thing was settled. At dinner time, Mrs. Dainty maintained a perfect silence in regard to the governess. Agnes looked subdued. Her mother noticed this, and her blood grew hot as she imagined the cause to be a crushed spirit under the iron rule of Miss Harper. Uncle John had made it his business to see a great deal more of what was going on than any one imagined. He understood the state of Agnes's mind far better than did her mother. All was coming right, he saw, and his wise heart, so full of interest for the children, felt a burden of care removed. After dinner he went out.

"Just what I wished for," said Mrs. Dainty to herself, as she saw him take his hat and cane. "I will make clean work of it with this 'angel' of yours—see if I don't!"

"Tell Miss Harper that I wish to see her in my room," Mrs. Dainty spoke to a servant, half an hour later. The servant carried the message to the governess, who obeyed the summons without a moment's delay.

"I have sent for you, Miss Harper, to say what you must have yourself inferred—that you will not suit me for a governess."

Mrs. Dainty spoke coldly—almost severely. That Florence was surprised, her suddenly-heightened color showed plainly. She caught her breath, and, for a few moments, looked bewildered. Mrs. Dainty observed this, and said,

"You have no reason to be surprised or disappointed, Miss. I told you, in the beginning, that I didn't think you would suit; and I have never seen cause, for a moment, to change my mind since you came into the house. Instead of falling into your place, and doing your duty as became one in your position, you have done nothing but keep me and the children in hot water from the day you entered the house. When you get a good situation again, take my advice, and be content with a hireling's place, and don't assume the airs of a mistress. No lady will have her children domineered over as you have domineered over mine."

"Mrs. Dainty, I repel —"

"Not a word to me, Miss! Not a word to me!" replied the lady, imperiously. "I permit no one in my house to answer back. Here are your wages for the time you have been instructing the children. Take the money, and go!"

Miss Harper did not touch the money, but turned away, and was leaving the room.

"Miss Harper!" The voice of Mrs. Dainty had in it a commanding tone.

Florence paused, and turned partly around.

"Why don't you take the money? say!"

"I cannot receive pay for services that are so poorly regarded," was her calmly-spoken answer.

"Impudent!" Miss Harper turned away again.

"Stop!" The foot of Mrs. Dainty jarred on the floor.

Miss Harper looked back.

"Don't see one of the children; but go off with yourself immediately!"

The young governess flitted away almost as noiselessly as a spirit. At the same moment Mrs. Dainty rung her bell violently. To the servant who answered, she said,

"Tell all the children to come to my room."

"They shall see who is mistress in this house." So she talked with herself in the interval. "Uncle John has had his way a little too long. But, there is a point beyond which patience is no longer a virtue; and I have arrived at that point."

"What do you want, mamma?" asked Madeline, as she came with Agnes and her little brother into her mother's apartment.

"I want you to stay here with me," was the cold answer,

"Can't I go back to Miss Harper? She was telling us such a sweet story when you sent for her."

"No—you can't go back. You must stay here."

"I don't want to stay here. I'm going back to Miss Harper. I like her better than any body in this house." And little self-willed George made for the door, in his determined way.

"You George! Come back this instant!" cried his mother in anger.

"Ain't a going to," replied the little rebel.

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"George!"

"Ain't a going to!" sounded resolutely down from the stairs.

"I'll punish you!"

"Don't care! Miss Harper! Miss Harper!"

Almost like a fury did the mother rush away after her child. He heard her coming, and ran to Miss Harper for protection. She had gone to her own apartment; not seeing her in the study-room, the child knew where to find her.

"Go back to your mother, George!" said Florence, speaking firmly, but kindly, as the child rushed toward her.

"Ain't a going to!"

"O, yes; George must."

"No—no! Ain't a going to!"

"This is the way you encourage disobedience in my children!" exclaimed Mrs. Dainty, as she swept into the room, at the moment when Miss Harper was stooping down to kiss the little boy in the fullness of her swelling love. "Out of my house! and quickly!"

Grasping George by an arm, she bore him, screaming, from the room; and as his cries came back to her from the distance, Miss Harper could hear mingling with them the sound of passionate blows.

"Poor children!" she said. "There is good in them; but how sadly overgrown by weeds! With such a mother, what hope is there! But I must not linger here. For their sakes I would have remained, even though suffering insult daily. No choice is left me, however; and I must go."

As Miss Harper passed the door of Mrs. Dainty's room, on her way down stairs, dressed to leave the house, she heard the sobbing of George and Madeline, mingled with stormy words that were passing between Agnes and her mother. The purport of these she did not stop to hear; but hurried on, and, without seeing or speaking to any one, took her silent departure.

T. S. A.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE—A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face; and redeems an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or insipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grotesqueness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty, and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character—some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness, and pride—some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unsullied from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautiful by all sweet thoughts.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

HOW TO BEGIN IN THE WORLD.—A sensible lady writes as follows, in the *Ohio Cultivator*:—"Be satisfied to commence on a small scale. It is common for young housekeepers to begin, or want to begin, where their mothers ended. Buy all that is necessary to work skillfully with, and no more. Adorn your home with all that will render it comfortable; do not look at richer homes, and covet their costly furniture. Many young persons of the present time, wishing to vie with their neighbors, remove to a three story house, and then while the husband is toiling to keep up an establishment so much beyond his means, the wife is reading the trashy literature of the day. Baby is also highly cared for in the third story of the house; of course Bridget is employed in the kitchen, making another item of expenditure.

Now permit me to suggest a remedy. Remove to a house commensurate with your means; send Bridget home; have baby brought down to your motherly arms; and then if secret dissatisfaction is ready to spring up, go a step farther, and visit the homes of the poor and suffering; behold dark, cheerless, apartments, insufficient clothing, and absence of all the comforts and refinements of social life; and return to your own with a contented spirit. You will then be prepared to meet your husband with a cheerful heart, and be ready to appreciate the toil and self-denial which he has endured in his business to surround you with the delights of home. Then you will be ready to co-operate cheerfully with him in arranging your expenses, that his mind may not constantly be harassed with fears lest his family expenditures may go beyond his ability.

Be independent. A young housekeeper never needed greater moral courage than she now does, to resist the arrogance of fashion. You know best what you can and ought to afford; then decide according to your means. Let not the censure or approval of the world ever tempt you to buy what you cannot afford. Never spend money without knowing precisely what is needed the most, and invest your capital accordingly, and you will never complain of hard times.

ARROW ROOT JELLY.—Put a pint of water in a saucepan to boil; stir up a large spoonful of arrow root powder in a cup of water, and pour into the saucepan while the water is boiling; let them boil together two or three minutes; season with nutmeg and loaf sugar. This is very light food for an invalid or an infant. When the system is in a relaxed state, two teaspoonfuls of brandy will add to its efficacy. Milk and loaf sugar boiled with a spoonful of fine flour, well mixed with cold water, stirred in while the milk is boiling, is light and proper food in

case of bowel-complaints. In all preparations where milk is boiled, close care should be taken that the milk be not scorched. When the milk is placed upon a stove hot enough for ordinary cooking, it is only by constant watchfulness that this will be prevented; but the vessel containing the milk is placed within another of boiling water, the milk will be a little longer in boiling, but will be secure from burning. Some people have a close-fitting tin porringer with a tight cover, fitted to the top of a tea-kettle, in which to make these nice dishes for infants or sick persons, and in this way they can be very neatly and safely, as well as rapidly prepared.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD CRACKERS.—A lady writing to the *Prairie Farmer* gives this recipe:—"1st. Make a knife, of hard wood, with one, two or three blades, which should be from 12 to 18 inches long, from two to three inches wide, one-half inch thick on the back, and less than one-fourth inch on the edge; leave it sufficiently strong, so that it will not break.

2d. Take good flour, a suitable portion of salt, and pure cold water, mix the dough as stiff as possible; cut the dough with the knife until it becomes light and short, say for one hour, as the longer it is worked the better.

It must be prepared so firm, or hard, that the whole cannot be rolled out with a rolling pin, but that each piece for a cracker must be snapped off, moulded, rolled and picked separately. A quick fire, but do not burn them.

I prefer the addition of a small portion of good butter, for some purposes.

This has been my practice for the last 40 years.

GATHERING THE PERFUMES OF PLANTS.—The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight; then it may be poured off, ready for use.

SUBSTITUTE FOR EGGS.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says:—"To those who may not have eggs on hand, use a solution of alum, with the milk, or water, in the preparation of dough for fried cakes or dough-nuts. A small portion only of the alum is required. Try it."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SONGS OF SUMMER. By Richard Henry Stoddard.
Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1857.

WE find, on opening this book, a tribute to the poet Boker, whose tragic muse appears to have impressed Stoddard, as, we confess, it has impressed us, with, we were about to say, no small degree of reverence and affection; but, on consideration, we think *approval* is the proper term, since the decisions of reason are more unquestionable than those of affection, and are supposed to be more unbiassed. We are happy, however, to say that, in the case of Boker, both reason and sympathy (which is affection developed, after all,) unite in rendering to genius its just tribute. But we wander. It is Stoddard, not Boker, with whom we have now to do. Well, Stoddard himself shall express the material points of distinction and contrariety which the two poets present. Stoddard says, addressing Boker,

"Not mine the tragic poet's art,
His empire of the human heart:
That world is shut from me,
But *you* possess the key."

* * * * *
"A narrower range to me belongs,
A little land of summer songs,
A realm of thought apart
From all that wrings the heart."

This is true and just, for "Calaynos" alone has given Boker the exalted position of tragic genius, and, had he written nothing else, this single play would elevate him above the rank of poetasters and pretenders.

The "Songs of Summer," as their author very frankly states, embrace a narrower circle of feeling and reflection; yet, despite their author's modesty, we venture to say that the etherial nymphs in whose hands mythologic poesy has placed the lyre, would smile (were they indeed arbiters of poetic excellence) with just approval of the "Songs of Summer."

Still, there are faults here—some of them of a grave character. We will endeavor to illustrate one of these. *Nothing should be debased by comparison*—a golden rule, unhappily violated in the following stanzas, as we shall make evident:

"The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold.

"We drink that wine all day,
Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup."

It would be, in our opinion, a high stretch of poetic license to compare a drinking cup to the starry skies. What shall we say, then, of his temerity, who reverses the matter, and compares the pure heaven and its starry embellishments to the Bacchanalian drinking cup! We leave it to the

good taste and judgment of the reader how far this criticism applies to the case cited.

That Stoddard has genius we freely admit, and here is an exemplification of his aptitude for melodious rhyme and appropriate sentiment, which, like the former, though in a different and better way, speaks for itself:

"THE HELMET.—[GERMANY.]

"Where the standard waved the thickest,
And the tide of battle rolled,
Furiously he charged the foemen
On his snow-white steed so bold;
But he wore no guarding helmet,
Only his long hair of gold.

"Turn and fly! thou rash young warrior,
Or this iron helmet wear.
'Nay, but I am armed already,
In the brightness of my hair,
For my mother kissed its tresses
With the lips of holy prayer.'"

Of the song immediately succeeding this in the volume before us, we cannot speak as favorably, though it is fairly written in point of style:

"ROSES AND THORNS.

"The young child Jesus had a garden,
Full of roses rare and red;
And thrice a day he watered them,
To make a garland for his head.

"When they were full-blown in the garden,
He called the Jewish children there,
And each did pluck himself a rose,
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"And now, how will you make your garland?
For not a rose your path adorns.'
'But you forget,' he answered them,
'That you have left me still the thorns.'

"They took the thorns and made a garland,
And placed it on his shining head;
And where the roses should have shone,
Were little drops of blood instead."

Now, there is a certain trifling with holy things which we cannot tolerate, either in prose or poetry. The putting language into the lips of the infant Jesus which we have no assurance that he ever uttered, savors of profanity, and is a daring attempt to stamp our own poor thoughts with the authority of the Lord. Truth compels us to state that our author is over-bold, and too evidently elated at a consciousness of his own powers. Strength, solemnity, and elevation, mark him as a writer, but he sometimes grows dizzy with the height to which he has attained, and mays a noble production by some sweeping assertion, untrue, and even atheistic:

"We all are wise and good,
If truly understood;

*Within ourselves the source of truth and virtue
Lies. (?)*

There is no need of temples built with hands
To cast their shadows over subject lands;

No need of stolid priests and chanting friars,
Censers, and incense smoke, and altar fires:

No need of crucifix and beads:

No need of sacred bread and wine,
Of hymns and psalms, and prayers supine."

If the author means what he distinctly states in the first three lines of the passage here quoted, he sets both scripture and experience at defiance. We believe the reverse of this assertion, namely, that there is no self-derived good in any man, he being the recipient, and not, in any sense, the author of good.

Again, after denouncing "temples" and "stolid priests," and "incense smoke," and "altar fires," he attacks a divine institution when he says

"There is no need of sacred bread and wine."

Does he remember that the Creator himself instituted this sacrament, then invested with humanity—not the child Jesus, of whom he speaks in his song of "Roses"—but "the Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief," yet Lord of all, God himself, "manifest in the flesh."

"The Fisher and Charon" addresses itself to our judgment more reasonably and with better success. We know that Charon, with his fabled boat, is but a creation of fancy, and a relic of Pagan superstition. Many beautiful thoughts, blent with heathen ideas of religion, meet us here, and the style of our author, Virgilian in its classic elegance, attracts us to the subject. We almost imagine that the silver lyre of the Mantuan bard warbles to us of the Styx, and of the inexorable ferryman, with his relentless decisions and impalpable boat, which floats gloomily over the waters flowing around Death's eternal realms. His description of

"The leaden portals of the land of sleep"

are noble and appropriate—dark with terror and appalling with untold hopelessness. The poet's subject here accords with his venturesome and searching genius, defying obstructions, realizing the vast, rendering visible to the mind's eye pictures of sombre hue and poetic significance.

"The Burden of Unrest" puzzles us. Its descriptions are often beautiful and affecting, though sometimes gross and irrational. The language employed by him is never weak, and always effective. His ideas of whatever character (and we are far from commending many of them) are always clearly, simply, and elegantly set forth.

"The Grave of Robin Hood" indicates great versatility of talent when compared with his more classic effusions. The bold forester seems, in his hands, to live again, and Maid Marian, at his side, equals our ideas of what she was, as gathered from songs, and the history of her chivalrous robber-chief. Our poet celebrates him thus:

"Himself was noble, brave, and free:
We leave the rest to fools and knaves,
Who build upon their fathers' graves.
So whether lord, or whether earl,
Or but a base and common churl,

He was a noble man and good—
The king of outlaws, Robin Hood."

We presume the term *base* must be here taken in its limited signification of poverty, not indicative, as it sometimes is, of mingled vulgarity and crime. It is not, however, a felicitous expression in the connection in which the author uses it, because it seems to contradict his exalted opinion of "the Lord of Sherwood," as elsewhere expressed.

There is great beauty and touching pathos in his reference to his son, from which we quote the following stanzas, which need no comment to disclose their excellence:

"His noble brow, his placid look,
The subtle sweetness of his smile,
They touch, but fly my simple style;
The child is like a poet's book:

"A rare conception, richly planned;
Harmonious, perfect in its parts:
Going straight home to all men's hearts,
An easy thing to understand."

The child and mother are sweetly grouped in the following stanza:

"At length the balm of sleep is shed:
One bed contains my bud and flower;
They sleep and dream, and hour by hour
Goes by, while angels watch the bed."

A poetic temperament certainly distinguishes Stoddard. His imagination is vivid, his power of delineation great, and his resources various. Still, we think the influence of the Browning school tinctures his style and deteriorates the simplicity of his diction. True genius does not study accommodation to the taste of the time. Our poet undoubtedly possesses powers of his own. Let him, then, mark out his own course, and follow nature, of whom he professes to be a profound admirer. Let him rely on the dictates of his own creative mind, and go forth in the strength of original thought, without regard to the "schools," ancient or modern. Let him cultivate just views of religion, as well as of nature, (whose devout worshipper he declares himself to be,) and his own path will be one of bright footsteps, dignified and rendered attractive by a real poet's trend. How true and solemn is the following:

"There is but one great sorrow,
All over the wide, wide world;
But that, in turn, must come to all—
The shadow that moves behind the pall,
A flag that never is furled!

"Till he, in his marching, crosses
The threshold of the door,
Usurps a place in the inner room,
Where he broods in the awful hush and gloom
Till he goes and comes no more.

"Save this, there is no sorrow,
Whatever we think we feel;
But when death comes, all's over;
'Tis a blow we never recover,
A wound that never will heal!"

VILLAS AND COTTAGES. By Calvert Vaux. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This is a beautiful volume, by the partner of the late A. J. Downing, whose architectural taste has ornamented the banks of the Hudson with so many charming villas. The book is written in a clear, concise style, and gives an admirable insight into the principles of taste and economy, which may be united in a perfect little bijou of a home with a very small outlay. We became quite excited upon the subject, and as we sat in our easy-chair, we felt to building a cottage in the air, with the "chintz-covered lounge," and all, so vividly described by Mr. Vaux. There are models to suit all purses, from the little, Gothic "cottage," to the more imposing "villa," and to every one is appended the cost, which, in many cases, struck us as very small considering the amount of beauty and comfort received. A very pretty sketch of "Idlewild"—poetical, Willis "Idlewild"—adorns the volume; and we can say of the beautiful "getting up" of the book, that it is in perfect accordance with the contents. We defy any dreamer to read Mr. Vaux's work, and not be cottage-crazy at once.

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN MELICE. By the Author of "The Lost Hunter." New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

This very singular title is conscientiously explained by the possessor thereof to mean The Knight of the Golden Honey-Bee. The story is one of the seventeenth century, and the scene is laid in the Colony of Massachusetts. Governor Winthrop figures in the narrative, which contains interesting and exciting passages.

THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS AND FASHION. By Henry Lanettes. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

A charming volume, consisting of letters from an old gentleman to his nephews. The motto of the old soldier has evidently been "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" and the numerous anecdotes he relates are original and delightful. We are inclined to think, though, that either the Colonel has met with singularly charming people, or else, he has a most powerful imagination; and we are afraid that should we set out in search of such characters, the adventures of Don Quixote would be thrown into the shade. We advise every one to read the book—it can scarcely fail to soften down some asperities.

DOCHARTY'S GEOMETRY. By Gerardus Beekman Docharty, LL. D. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

The author of the present work says, that he was prompted to it by "a desire to render the path to science as smooth and agreeable as the nature of the case will admit;" and although we have unhappy recollection of "the path" in question as a remarkably up-hill route, over flinty rocks, and through briars and bramble-bushes, and buried very often in the "Slough of Despond," we think that if we had had "a lift" in Mr. Docharty's Geometry, we should

not now so hate the sight of a slate and pencil. The design of the work seems to be well carried out and it will, doubtless, prove a valuable acquisition to schools.

THE STAR AND THE CLOUD; OR A DAUGHTER'S LOVE. By A. S. Roe. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

This is a well-told story of a daughter's devotion; and the heroine, whose gentle firmness and untiring goodness are successfully exercised for the benefit of the home circle, is well-worthy of being held up as a model to the strong-minded women of the present day, who, disdaining the meek and lowly virtues, are bent upon turning the world upside down. The book is calculated to exercise a good influence.

SCAMPAVIAS. By Lieut. Wise, U. S. N. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

A well-written narrative of a cruise on board a ship of war in the Mediterranean. The introductory chapter is very amusing; and the various adventures are recorded with much animation. It is illustrated with several engravings.

THE SILENT FOOTSTEPS; A Tale. Boston and Cambridge: *James Munroe & Co.*

An unpretending little volume, in a pretty paper cover. There is a simple pathos in this home-story, and a pure influence that cannot fail of doing a good work.

HISTORY OF RICHARD I. By Jacob Abbott. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This is a child's history of Richard Cœur De Lion, written in the peculiarly happy style which characterizes Mr. Abbott's similar productions. We became unconsciously interested in the little volume, and perused page after page with unabated pleasure. The book is illustrated with fine engravings, and the printing and binding are admirably executed.

THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS. Boston and Cambridge: *James Munroe & Co.*

A story with no name attached, and no attempt at fine writing, or fine binding. There is very little of it, altogether; but it reminds us of a violet, or a dew-drop, or anything else which—though insignificant, and often unnoticed—is yet charged with a mission of love and gentleness. It is one of the sweetest little stories we have ever read—somewhat in the style of Miss Kavanagh's "Rachel Grey"—and it is impossible to read it without tears, and the consciousness of a holy influence at work within. It is a touching picture of religion in common, every-day life—not the religion of the cloister or the house-top, but the daily, hourly subduing of self, and the almost perfect fulfilment of the two commandments, on which "hang all the law and the prophets."

THE SISTERS OF SOLEURE. A Tale of the Sixteenth Century. By C. S. W. Philadelphia: *Parry & McMillan*.

We took up this book with a pre-conceived prejudice against it. We had read so many "tales of the

sixteenth century," and from one or two notices of the volume in question, we supposed it a mere facsimile of others of its numerous class. But with a dutiful determination to hear both sides of the story, we began the first chapter, and were soon deeply absorbed by the fascinating narrative. The *Sisters of Soleure* is beautifully written; and the scene varies from Soleure, a canton in Switzerland, near the Bernese Alps, to the court of the Duke and Duchesses of Savoy at Turin. The descriptions are thrilling, and the interest is kept up till the very close of the volume.

DOUBTS CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL. By Charles Hudson. Boston and Cambridge: *James Munroe & Co.*

This is an admirably conducted argument on the improbability of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, so well arranged that one becomes quite bewildered, and reasons somewhat after the fashion of a Paddy, who on being reminded that he was "caught in the act," exclaimed: "But I'll bring *twenty* witnesses who'll swear that they *didn't* see me do it." The writer assumes in conclusion, that if we believe in the Battle of Bunker's Hill, which can so well be proved never to have taken place, we must also believe in the Gospel; and the book is evidently intended as a satire upon skeptics. The author is a little too ambiguous, and we do not subscribe to all his opinions; but his work will, doubtless, be largely read, and we hope accomplish much good.

THE RURAL POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, illustrating the Seasons and Months of the Year. Their Changes, Employments, Lessons, and Pleasures. Topically Paragraphed, with a complete Index. By Joseph William Jenks, M. A., lately Professor of Languages in the Urbana University, Ohio. Boston: *John P. Jewett & Co.*

We regard this as one of the finest compilations of choice poetry, that has been offered to the public. Like good music, good poetry, brings, with familiarity, an ever increasing enjoyment. Its riches lie not all upon the surface, and, as we enter more

and more into the true spirit of the poet, we get glimpses of the beautiful visions that, to him, were forms of celestial brightness. How many times—as we turned the pages of this volume, lingering, here and there, upon fine old poems, that, like good wine, gain richness, flavor, and purity with age—did we feel the truth of this remark. Very weak, shallow, and affected seemed much of our modern verse writing, with its dainty conceits, and meagre ideas hidden away amid sounding and unfamiliar words, when compared with the clear, river-like flow, and Saxon strength of many of these old English poems.

The handsome style in which the volume is printed and illustrated, gives it additional attractions.

LEARNING ABOUT RIGHT AND WRONG; or Entertaining and Instructive Lessons for Young Children, in respect to their Duty. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with Ninety Engravings. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We scarcely need commend this attractive little book for young children, the announcement of the title itself being quite sufficient. The series of which it is a part cannot fail to be in large demand.

STEP BY STEP; or *Delia Arlington.* By Anna Athern. Boston and Cambridge: *James Munroe & Co.*

A very pleasant story of the adventures and trials of a young orphan-heiress. Although not particularly marked by originality, the book has such a good aim, and inculcates such Christian views of life, that we hope it will be appreciated as it deserves. It is probably the first attempt of a young authoress, and is quite highly recommended.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MORALS, and Christian Evidences. By Richard Whately D. D. LL. D. Cambridge: *John Bartlett.*

The simplicity of method, and general clearness of style of these two treatises on Morals, and the Christian Evidences, by Bishop Whately, have given them, with students of theology, a high value.

A FLOWER-WELCOME.

TO M. M. D.—BY A. P. C.

To MARK the rosy hours,
To grace the brow of youth,
To seal the vow of truth,
God sends the lovely flowers.

And when the frail have died,
The amaranths oft tell
A truth, befitting well
The matron—once the bride.

We therefore bless the flowers,
And draw into one wreath

Of immortelles, the breath
That perfumes now the hours.

Its fragrance cannot die;
But stored in memory's cell,
As in each floral bell,
It, silent, there shall lie:

Till perfected in climes
Where soul, kin soul may meet,
In rounded life complete,
These full, seem empty rhymes.

Baltimore, March 6th, 1857.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

MY ADOPTED SISTER.—CONCLUDED.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

At last Alsie came into the kitchen; her heart, as I said, was in the right place, and her whole face softened into pity, as she looked on the pale, drooping, shivering child, the storm had brought to us.

I spoke at once. "Her name is Marion Brent, Alsie, and now her grandmother's dead, she hasn't anybody to care for her in the whole world. She's going to stay here always, and to be my sister."

"Poor, forlorn, dear!" answered Alsie, the tears coming into her eyes, "we must get her something to eat, and after that I'll see if I can't hunt up some dry clothes for her; but I don't know what your father'll say to all this, Augustus."

"Never you mind, Alsie; I'll attend to that myself."

In two days (they had been the happiest of my whole life,) my father returned. Marion and I sat together under the plum trees, as he came up the walk.

"Who is that little girl, Augustus?" he asked as I met him. We went together into the house, and I told him Marion's history; and what a great comfort and joy she had been to me in my loneliness.

"Do let her stay here, papa!" I pleaded in conclusion. "We can talk, and play, and study together; and it seems so very sweet to have a sister to love me."

My father hummed a moment, meditating, and tapped his boot with his cane. "I believe you are right, Augustus, my boy," was his verdict. "Yes, the little girl shall stay. I see you need a companion, and life must be terribly prosy here, with nobody but Alsie to talk to." Then I hurried out into the garden, where Marion still sat under the peach trees, and turned up her sweet, little, wistful face toward me very eagerly, for she knew my father's words would decide her destiny.

"Oh, Marion! Marion! you are really my sister, and to stay here always!" I cried joyfully, and then I drew my arms around her neck, and kissed her cheeks—my little sister's! my precious sister's!

So, we were very happy together, after this. The long summer days that we passed under the thick shade of the trees on the park—the rides we had in the easy little carriage, with the gray pony, my father had bought for me—the sails on the river, and the books we read, and the songs we learned to sing together, still dwell, all like a sweet tune in my memory.

Two years had passed since that stormy afternoon, when Marion Brent first came to us. It was summer-time again, and, with my father's permission,

we had gone to visit Alsie's aunt, in the country, about ten miles from our home.

She lived in the cosiest little white cottage, with flower beds of violets, and China-asters running up to the light pink front door; and, altogether, Marion and I were having a new and delightful experience in that little box of a house. You could almost have sat down in our dining-room. One day, however, Alsie left us to pass the night with an old friend, who resided several miles distant, and Marion, the old woman, and myself, were left all alone, and we were by no means averse to this arrangement. Marion slept down stairs with Alsie's aunt, and I occupied the front chamber overhead. In the middle of the night I woke up coughing violently, and found my room filled with smoke and a suffocating heat. Then there was a crackling and roaring, like that of flames in our kitchen chimney, on a windy day. I got out of bed quickly as possible, and hurried to the window. What a sight met my gaze! The little front garden was bathed in a red, lurid light, and great tongues of fire were curling around the eaves, and the back of the house was wrapped in one vast sheet of flame.

"Oh, God! what will become of us!" I groaned, as I stood by the window utterly bewildered, stunned by this terrible sight. Then I thought of Marion and the old woman. "They will be burned to death!" I groaned out sharply.

Just then, I heard a sound of voices below. "There, lean on me, aunty, and I'll save you. You see the house is on fire, but we can get out of this door and save ourselves—don't be afraid." It was the soft voice of Marion that said these words.

"Oh, dear! dear! dear!" mourned the childish old woman. "We shall all perish in the flames. I can't see, nor think, nor walk, I'm in such a tremble! What'll become of us?"

"Oh, what'll become of Augustus!" suddenly shrieked out Marion.

"Here I am, Marion," I answered from the window, while the wind puffed its scorching breath across my brow. Don't be frightened, I'm coming down this moment." And I caught up my crutch and hastened to the door.

But a single breath drove me back, and nearly suffocated me. The flames had caught the stairs. It was utterly useless to think of descending them.

I went back to the window, the truth growing slowly upon me that I must die. Yet I was very calm, and as the flames swept nearer, I called out to Marion: "Dear sister, I cannot get down the stairs." There was a single shriek; even now its

agony runs over ten years, and strikes my heart sharply: "You shall not die—oh, Augustus, my brother!" and I heard no more.

I do not think more than a minute had passed, though it seemed as if I had lived through another life, when I heard something heavy dragging around the house, and a moment after Marion shouted to me: "It's the ladder, Augustus; the ladder that lay by the fence. I'll set it up, and you can get down on this."

In her eagerness she had forgotten I could not descend one round of the ladder, and when she raised it, and the top rested against the window, the truth flashed into her mind, for I heard her groan, "Oh, he cannot come! he cannot come!"

Closer and closer grew the flames, until the heat became almost unsupportable. I stood there very quiet, wondering how long it took to burn to death, and praying God that I might be in Heaven very soon. Then I heard some one hastily ascending the ladder, and in a moment panting and breathless, Marion put her golden head inside the window.

Augustus," she cried "be quick, put your arms

round my neck, and hold tight to me. I can take you down."

"Can you, Marion?" I asked as the drowning ask, "Is there a sail in sight?"

"Be quick," was all she replied, and I trusted her. She crawled down very slowly. I was a terrible burden to the child, but love made her strong. Then I hung to the ladder-rounds and sides as well as I could, and thereby eased her somewhat of my weight.

At last we reached the ground, where we both sank down exhausted, just as the great flames wrapped themselves round the casement. *Marion Brent had saved two lives that night!*

Of my father and Alsie's mingled horror and gratitude, I have no time now to write. Sometimes, after this, I used to wonder which was the dearer to them, Marion, or myself.

Well, little children, we grew up together; and now Marion Brent, who came to me in the thunder-shower, an angel of good, is my beloved wife, the mother of my brown haired-boy, and my blue-eyed girl.

THE TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR MAY, 1857.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

See Colored Plate.

LADY AT THE LEFT.—Robe of lavender *taffetas* with three flounces, edged with a *ruche* of wide ribbon, to match. *Pelerine* body of lace, with *bertha* of the same, over the waist. An *echelle* of knots of ribbon are placed on the front of the *pelerine*, and finish with a knot of long ends. Sleeves plain above, with a large puff in the middle, and terminating to fit at the wrist, with a lace *manchiette* turned back on the wrist. *Coiffure* of lace, intermixed and enlivened with small artificial flowers of velvet. Gloves either dark or amber-colored kid. Lace boots to match the color of the dress. Translucent fan of carmine nuance.

LADY AT THE RIGHT.—Velvet surtout edged with lace, and a *bertha* of the same. In the front it closes with holes and buttons, and it is either cut across at the waist or cut in the *basque* form; but generally, tailors know better than dress-makers how to cut them. If cut across the waist, the skirt forms a circle, so as to fall gracefully over the crinoline.

The robe is of *taffetas*, made with three flounces disposed in wreaths of natural flowers *broches*. The

floating sleeves of the *basque* or surtout extend to between the elbow and the wrist.

The bonnet is of white velvet *epingle*, covered with a resille, which falls below the curtain. Upon one side of the bonnet is a bunch of *marabouts*, and on the other a bouquet of flowers. Composition hats are all the go, and straw and satin, straw and silk, mixed straws, and all trimmed with a profusion of flowers, with a very deep, double curtain, and with a veil of white lace falling back from the front, over the whole hat, and below the curtain. The hat of the season is a floating-island vaporosity, worn and kept in vogue by the ladies to spite those long-nosed, peering hen-buzzies, who whine as loudly in favor of the coal-skuttle bonnet, as if bonnets were intended for them, instead of the gentler sex.

LITTLE GIRL.—Dress of emerald green poplin, with a skirt formed of two tunics; the body is high *a la vierge*; normand pelisse of striped *moquette*, edged with velvet, and closed at the neck with a silver *agraffe*. Collar, under-sleeves, and pantalets of *jaconette*. Straw hat with crown wreathed with a white feather and pink or blue edges, and the brides and knots under the brim harmonize with the band,

or feather. White stockings, and the lace gaiters harmonize with the dress.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

YOUTH'S DRESS.—This little boy is supposed to be six years old, and he wears a blue, black, or purple round-jacket, of *drap d'ete* or cashmerette, and sometimes velvet is preferred. It is cut to fit the figure, round in the back, sleeves half-flowing, with ends braided in bouquet designs with fine gimp cord; and the front edges, the bottom, and the line across to the back of the pockets, are trimmed and ornamented with silk braid.

The trowsers are large and straight, suspended by buttons attached to loops sewed to the under-side of the jacket. The plain turn-down linen collar and neck ribbon, with reversed wristbands, complete the costume.

LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.—*Moustine de laine* dress of lively color, woven *a dispositions*, with floral ornaments. The full body, with leaved bertha and sleeves, is very unique; and the tunic is also full. The straw hat is quite plain, with no relief but a band and bow of ribbon with flowing ends. The long gaiters match the ground of the dress, and the pantalets are of white muslin, embroidered in keeping with the collar and under-sleeves.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The dresses worn at the balls and evening fetes, which took place at Paris during the Carnival, were of very various kinds. Among the prettiest were those composed of the light materials most generally adopted at balls. A dress of white crape lisse was trimmed with five flounces graduated in width, and at the edge of each there was a bouillonne of white tulle with a running of mallow-color ribbon. The corsage was trimmed with *revers* of blonde lace, edged at the inner side with a narrow ruche of gauze ribbon of the same tint as that employed for the runnings on the flounces. The top of the corsage was finished by a ruche of gauze ribbon, and

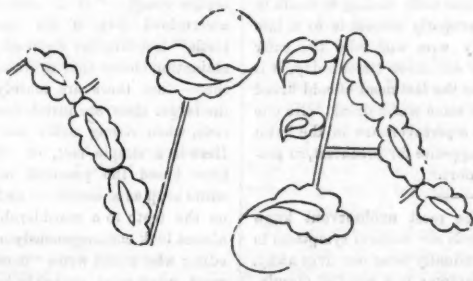
in the centre of the corsage, within the open part left by the sides of the *revers*, there were three or four rows of ruches one above the other. Frills in a style corresponding with the flounces, formed the trimming of the sleeves; bows of mallow-color ribbon were placed one on each shoulder, one in the centre of the corsage at the top, and another at the point in front of the waist, the latter with long flowing ends. The lady who appeared in this elegant dress wore rich bracelets of emeralds and brilliants. Her fan was composed of white feather shaded with lilac, and was mounted in ivory studded with emeralds. The head-dress consisted of a wreath of lilac convolvulus, terminating at the back in pendent sprays.

We have, on a former occasion, adverted to the fact, that dresses of plain satin are gradually regaining favor, and we may now mention that a bridal dress, for an aristocratic marriage, has just been made of plain white satin. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces of Honiton lace, the corsage and sleeves being ornamented also with Honiton lace.

From a choice assortment of elegant head-dresses we select the following as deserving of especial notice:

Two *coiffures*, in the style called the *petit-bord*, have been made by a fashionable Parisian milliner for two Russian Princesses. One is of velvet of that brilliant hue called Rose-de-Chine, and the crown is of blonde. A beautiful white ostrich feather, twisted spirally, waves on one side, and on the other side bouquets of white and red roses. The other *petit-bord* is of Azoff-green velvet, and the crown of white blonde. On one side there is a white feather, and on the other an aigrette of diamonds, with pearl loops and tassels.

For ball head-dresses, narrow cordons of flowers or foliage, with tufts of marabout feathers at each side, are very fashionable. Nets made of pearls or of gold beads are also much in favor. They are worn very small, merely enclosing the hair at the back part of the head. On one side may be placed a single rose, or a camelia.—*London Lady's News paper.*



INITIALS.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

[We make a page of extracts from that excellent common sense monthly, *Hall's Journal of Health*, published in New York, at \$1 a year; and would remark in doing so, that a dollar laid out in this direction will be found in most cases a good investment.]

POSITION IN SLEEPING.—It is better to go to sleep on the right side, for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying the stomach of its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body, near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of the blood more or less. If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed, and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been recent or hearty, the arrest is more decided and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us; that sends on the stagnating blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or feeling of exhaustion, according to the degree of stagnation, and the length and strength of the effort made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we do fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? *That is Death!* That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in their bed in the morning, "They were as well as they ever were the day before;" and often is it added, and *ate heartier than common!* This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed well to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, or cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safer side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of cold bread and butter and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising of a day of comfort.

TIGHT GLOVES.—The most unobservant know that cold feet and hands are uniform symptoms in those diseases which gradually wear our lives away. The cause of these symptoms is a want of circulation. The blood does not pass to and from the ex-

tremities with facility. Nine-tenths of our women, at least in cities and large towns, have cold feet or hands, or both; hence, not one in a hundred is healthy. It is at our feet and hands that we begin to die, and last of all the heart, because, last of all, stagnation takes place there. In the worst cases of disease, the physician is hopeful of recovery, as long as he can keep the extremities warm: when that cannot be done, hope dies within him. It needs no argument to prove that a tight glove prevents the free circulation of blood through the hands and fingers. It so happens, that the very persons who ought to do everything possible to promote the circulation of the blood, are those who most cultivate tight gloves, to wit: the wives and daughters who have nothing to do but dress; or rather, do nothing but dress; or to be critically accurate, who spend more time in connection with dressing, than on all other objects together, not including sleep. No man or woman born has any right to do a deliberate injury to the body for a single hour in the day; but to do it day after day, for a lifetime, against the lights of science and common sense, is not wise. We may wink at it, glide over it, talk about this being a free country, that it is ridiculous for a doctor to dictate whether a glove shall be worn tight or loose; but the effect won't be laughed or scorned away, for whatever is done which impedes the circulation of the blood, is done wrongfully against our bodies, and will be as certain of injurious results, as the hindering of any law, physical or physiological. Every grain of sand must be taken care of, or the universe would dash to atoms; and so with the little things of the body.

THE BEST TOOTH WASH, because the safest, most familiar, and most universally accessible, and most invariably applicable and efficient, where specific dental science is not sought, is a piece of common white soap with a brush of moderate stiffness. The correspondent of a medical cotemporary inquires as to the truth of the statement, to which the editor replies simply, "*It is nonsense!*" What are the ascertained facts of the case? "Tartar on the teeth," is a familiar expression. Microscopical examination shows that millions of living things are there—that there are mainly two kinds, and that the larger class are instantaneously killed by soap-suds, when strong acids have no effect whatever. Here is a simple fact, on which eminent dentists have based the practical advice to use common white soap as a corrector and preventive of tartar on the teeth to a considerable extent, so that we almost look contemptuously on the flippancy of an editor who would write "nonsense" to such a statement, when most probably he never made a microscopical examination of this "tartar."

Editors' Department.

THE sun was setting. Soft pink and yellow May clouds were piled over the west, and the young authoress looked up from the table, and her pale face kindled with the sight of the sunset.

It was a little nest of a cottage, sentinelled by gnarled old fruit-trees, and enclosed with a low buckthorn hedge; and here from the dawn of her life, the young girl had lived, thinking her strange thoughts, dreaming her strange dreams, until, at last, these grew into poems that stirred the hearts, and prose that shook tears into the eyes of those who read them.

This evening, too, was a triumphant landmark in her life. The table before which she sat was heaped over with pamphlets, and letters, and papers; but on one side was a large pile of handsomely bound volumes, of uniform size.

This was the authoress's first book. It had been issued but a very short time, and it had "taken." The publisher said so, in the hurried letter she had received from him that very afternoon, with a pile of papers and periodicals, all eulogizing "The Willow Parsonage," in words that had sent up a glow from her heart to her cheek.

Her fingers wandered affectionately over the pages, as she thought of the weary days and nights in which she had leaned, with aching brow and unsteady pulse, over her work. She remembered with what feelings of mingled hope and fear she had written the last line, and now, the *Ultima Thule* of her desires was gained. She was *famous*!

But a look of sadness and weariness stole into the eyes of the authoress—those brown, burning, glorious eyes, that were the only beauty of her pale face. "After all," she murmured, "fame doesn't satisfy as I thought it would. There is the old aching and craving here at my heart. I said I should be happy when the book was done, and had passed the public ordeal. But I'm not—God forgive me, I'm not happy. I ought to be, I suppose, and it seems half ungrateful not to rejoice and revel in my great success—ah, me! the old child-dreams of this hour come back to mock me—it has brought me the shining goblet, but the wine, the wine that will satisfy, is not therein.

"How many friends I have," stirring with her fingers a packet of letters. "It is very kind to send me these messages of love and congratulation. They seem very proud of me. I wish I could ever feel proud of myself again! 'We all love you,' they write.

"But he says he's hungry.
He'd rather have that one small barleycake
You hold within your hand
While counting up his harvests."

And the young lady leaned her head down on her fair hands, and sobbed very bitterly. And this is *fame*.

After a long time she grew calmer, and when she lifted her head, her eyes rested on an unopened letter, which had escaped her notice. She did not recognize the hand-writing; but she broke open the seal, and found inside a little bunch of sweet violets. The brief letter ran:

"DEAR MARION: I have read your book, and gloried in it. Do you remember that morning, so long ago, when we parted in the May, that you plucked three or four early violets, and placed them in my hand, as you stood by the buckthorn hedge, with the wind shaking your hair about your forehead, and your heart shaking the tears over your cheeks?

"Well, I have plucked the violets of last spring after, and send them now, with my greeting, to that little girl of my memory, hoping they will fill her heart with something of the old fragrance, though her forehead is crowned with laurels now."

Tears, very sweet ones, dimmed the eyes of Marion Gray, as she read these lines, and remembered that far-gone time, when she and Edward Root played together under the tangled old fruit trees, in the garden.

"Cousin Edward," she called him, though the relationship was only nominal, for he was the son of her uncle's wife's sister, and an orphan; so for a year or two after his father's death, he had resided in the little white cottage.

At last his uncle, an old bachelor, came to take the boy with him to the East Indies. Poor Marion, it almost broke her heart, to part with her handsome, high-spirited cousin, who had grown so very dear to her in the year they had lived together. She remembered that morning better than she did yesterday's, and for the moment, Marion Gray wished she could put aside all the triumphs of her genius, and be again the little girl who, ten years before, placed the bunch of violets in Edward Root's hand. And taking up her pen, she told him so; for he had returned to America, and this was the first time she had heard from him since the morning on which they parted.

A month had passed. The light of June was on the hills, and again, Marion Gray watched the sunset clouds, as they wrapped themselves over the west.

She was not alone this time; under the little vine-wrapped porch stood a man, young, and tall, with those clear cut prominent features, and firmly compressed lips, which indicate what women most prize in men—*manhood*!

The two standing close beside each other, did not speak often; the heart of either was too crowded with old memories for the words to gather very quickly on the lips of either.

"It looks very natural, doesn't it, Edward?" said the young girl, glancing up with a smile in his face. at last.

"Very, all but this; the little girl has gone," and he laid his hand on her hair.

"But her heart isn't, Edward; that is the same that you left."

He did not answer her then; he only lifted the little fluttering fingers to his lips; and there was a hush of happiness in the heart of Marion Gray, which the applause of the whole world could not have given it. At last the young man spoke, "Well, Marion, we stand here to-day, a man and woman. You at least can realize the dreams of your girlhood. Are you happy?"

She smiled again, a smile that was very touching in its mournfulness. "Not satisfied, not satisfied," she said, more to her own heart than to her listener.

"Not satisfied?" repeated the young man, drawing his arm round the girl's waist. "Neither am I, Marion, though I have earned wealth and honor among men; they have not 'satisfied' my heart."

"I wonder if hearts ever are satisfied, Edward."

"I know how mine *might* be, Marion. There is but one person on earth, who could do this."

She looked up, sudden and curious, in his face. Then, the blood brightened into her pale cheeks, until they were crimson as the roses on either side of the portico.

He leaned down to her, and whispered tenderly, "Will she do this? Will she let my heart say I am satisfied?"

There was a quick break of tears, and Edward Root was answered.

"I was very blind not to see it," murmured the authoress, as, half an hour later, she entered the house with Edward Root, "not to know that fame could never fill the heart of a woman—that its crown is a heavy burden, under which she toils on very wearily."

"But now, now you are satisfied, Marion?"

"Yes, oh, thank God, that I live to say it."

"The sun has set, but ours has arisen to go no more down forever!" murmured Edward Root, very tenderly, as he drew down the young girl's head to his heart.

V. F. T.

PRIDE.

Who is she that walks the earth in rich array? Her head gleams with a coronet of gold and gems; her waist is encircled with a girdle of pearls and rubies; on her feet and arms are clasps of diamonds. She is fair and tall. Her look is lofty and severe. Her lip is curled in scorn, and her brow is haughtily arched. Her eye is keen and piercing—her glance like the eagle's. In her right hand she bears a scourge. Her tread is lofty, and self-possessed. Poverty cowers before her. Grief laments yet louder her approach, and humility is her deadly foe. She is well beloved of Power and Fame—the former greets her with smiles and does her bidding—the latter distends his cheeks and blows his trumpet yet

more loudly at her instigation. She is full of cruelty and recklessness. Her castle is the human heart, over which her dominion is absolute. She sometimes pretends to despise gaiety and pleasure, throws off her garments of state, and assumes the form of the bigot, crying aloud, "If ye dance, ye die. I condescend not to such childish folly." At other times, she dashes her jewels to the earth, exclaiming, "Away with these vain and sparkling ornaments. They are strong fetters to bind the sinful to the ear of evil. Behold me, all ye, clad in purple like that of wicked Tyre! Behold, and learn to be, as I am, humble. How attractive is lowly-mindedness such as mine!"

Her efforts at concealment tend often to discover their disguises. Sometimes stately, anon meek and inconsequential in manner, she is ever yet the same in character. When light and trivial, she is least to be feared; but when staid and solemn, she is mischievous and unrelenting. At all times she is the mortal enemy of Happiness. Her breath is withering. Every young flower fades beneath her steps, and every green prospect becomes sere before her. She is deathless while time exists, and every effort to banish her from the earth must prove abortive. Some are so infatuated as to own her sway, and glory in her dominion; others seek to annihilate her power and subdue her evil nature in themselves, and, doing this, they will achieve a glorious victory. Neglecting so to do, they will become the basest of slaves—contemptible to man, and abhorred of heaven.

☞ THE beauty of our fashion plates is attracting attention wherever the magazine finds its way. They are got up with care and expense, in order to give an art-attraction, as well as a new feature of interest to our lady-readers. They will be continued in the same elegant style.

"I RARELY find such *home lessons* in any other magazine," writes a new lady subscriber, who is delighted with the Home Magazine. "The Boys' and Girls', Mothers', and Health Departments, are gems, and have taught me lessons I shall never forget. Though I am a subscriber to Godey's Lady's Book, and Peterson's Magazine, I am afraid if I only had two dollars in the world, I would send straightway for yours."

It is a cause of regret, touching our Academy of Music, that the management should have introduced La Traviata; one of the worst in the series of Italian operas. Most of the popular operas are bad enough, so far as the librettos are concerned; but this one has nothing to redeem its shameless immorality. There is no reason why fashion in music, or any thing else, should tend to deprave the moral sentiments. We only wish that the virtuous ladies of Philadelphia had imitated the example of England's virtuous Queen, in refusing to attend the representation of the opera to which we have referred.

THE BLUES.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "When I get rid of the blues which have already favored (?) me with a week's visit, and I know not how much longer they are to tarry. They make terrible havoc with my health and constitution, both of which are extremely frail."

The remark was in excuse for not writing an article, preceded by a promise to do so when these blues took their departure. We merely quote the paragraph that the admission of the writer, touching the effect of a morbid depression of spirits on the health, may arrest the attention of some reader who is in the habit of indulging the same unhappy mental state. There cannot be entire health of body where there is a diseased condition of the mind. Cheerfulness, activity to the extent that strength will permit, and a careful attention to diet, are equally necessary to health; and neither can be omitted without danger of its loss.

These "blues," as they are called, are evil intruders upon the spirit, and should never be permitted to enter beyond the threshold, without an instant effort to cast them out. And an earnest effort, coupled with right thoughts of Providence, and the seeking of some useful employment for mind and hand, will, in most cases, do the effectual work, and give a clear sky instead of a cloudy one.

HUSBANDS.

UPON the remark of a lady, that "awe is the most delicious feeling a wife can have towards a husband," that quaint satirist, Fanny Fern, thus discourses:

"Awe of a man whose whiskers you have trimmed, whose hair you have cut, whose cravat you have tied, whose shirt you have put 'in the wash,' whose boots and shoes you have kicked into the closet, whose dressing-gown you have worn while combing your hair; who has been down in the kitchen with you at eleven o'clock at night to hunt for a chicken bone; who has hooked your dresses, unlaced your boots, fastened your bracelets, and tied on your bonnet; who has stood before your looking-glass with thumb and finger on proboscis, scratching his chin, whom you have buttered, and sugared and teased, whom you have seen asleep with his mouth wide open! Ridiculous!"

The lady who talked of "awe," most probably had never been married. Fanny has tried the "blissful state," enough to know all about it. She speaks advisedly.

OLE BULL.

In one of his Idlewild Letters, Mr. Willis, speaking of the unfortunate violinist, who possesses such a wonderful power over his instrument, says:

"I have seldom seen an instance, where sickness and severe mental trial have more effectually done their work of deepening and refining, than upon the Norwegian improvisatore. It is alike seen in the expression of his face and in the intensity of his

music. He has been remarkable, from the first, (as every one knows), for a magnetism not easily explainable—his violin, somehow, invariably received as the voice of something hidden within his own heart. But this effect, at his late re-appearance before the public, was seriously more intensified than before. The sickness and care that have ploughed and furrowed his wild features, have sown the seed also of an indescribable tenderness of expression—brightly visible over the surface with any sunshine of inspiration or pleasure. You cannot look upon him without knowing that, when Death passes with his sickle over that field of life, the harvest will be freer of weeds, riper and more worthy of taking away, for the ploughing and furrowing, that, with such deep lines, has uprooted the flowers of its youth. It is impossible to describe the same grain-budding and harvest-promise in his music—but it is there."

How beautifully said! There is gold there—gold in the moral nature of Ole Bull—which the hottest fire of earthly kindling can never consume. He has paid a dear penalty for lack of judgment, and for confiding in unworthy men. But let him raise his head bravely, and look the world once more steadily in the face. He has a divine gift to which the common heart of the people every where will respond.

THE MERRY THOUGHT.—(See Illustration.)

WE hardly believe the old adage, "Listeners never hear any good of themselves," will hold good in the scene before us; for the smile that loiters around that young man's lips, and beams in his dark gray eyes, very clearly indicates that his vanity by no means received a wound, when he made that sudden pause at the parlor door.

There are no pictures on the walls around them, half so fair as those two girls, Ellen and Abbie, in the first bloom and sweetness of their girlhood. How the rich curls cluster and tumble about their white necks, and their blue eyes shine with those dreams and hopes which alas! belong only to youth.

The "wish bone," a relic of last Thanksgiving, has been safely bestowed in Ellen's drawer for the last seven months, and on the advent of cousin Clarence (who was just no cousin at all, though it was very convenient to call him so) was brought to light.

The young gentleman is a sophomore, in somewhat delicate health with his last year's hard studying, and has come into the country, to see if raking hay and threshing wheat will not recruit his somewhat exhausted energies; but we imagine that the bright eyes of his cousins will interfere seriously with his out-door labor.

Ellen and Abbie are not sisters; they are the adopted children of Clarence's bachelor uncle, and he has met them for the first time. Well, they are happy now, with that merry thought flashing its light into their faces, and we leave the shrieking and blushing which will surely follow these fair damsels' discovery of the intruder, to the imagination of the reader.

T. F. V.

PLEASANT VARIETIES.

A PAGE OF EXCERPTS FROM SIDNEY SMITH.

SIDNEY SMITH's opinion of an oratorio is amusing, and certainly original. The humorous divine had not much soul for music. "Nothing," he says, "can be more disgusting than an oratorio. How absurd, to see five hundred people fiddling like madmen about the Israelites in the Red Sea!"

Mrs. Siddons was not remarkable out of her profession, and rarely got out of tragedy, even in common life. She used to *stab* the potatoes; and said, "Boy, give me a knife!" as she would have said—"Give me a dagger!"

I think no house is well fitted-up in the country without people of all ages. There should be an old man or woman to fret; a parrot, a child, a monkey; something, as the French say, to love and despise. I have just bought a parrot, to keep my servants in good humor.

In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value, dress of no use! Beauty is of value; her whole prospects and happiness in life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bonnet, and if she has five grains of common sense she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face, for real happiness. But never sacrifice truth.

Some one asked if the Bishop of ——— was going to marry. "Perhaps he may—but how can a bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is 'I will meet you in the vestry after service.'"

Literature gives women a real and proper weight in society, but they must use it with discretion; if the stocking is *blue*, the petticoat must be *long*, as my friend Jeffrey says: the want of this has furnished food for ridicule in all ages.

I am convinced digestion is the great secret of life; and that character, talents, virtues, and qualities, are powerfully affected by beef, mutton, pie-crust and rich soup. I have often thought that I could feed or starve men into many virtues and vices, and affect them more powerfully with my instruments of cookery, than Orpheus could do formerly with his lyre.

Very high and very low temperature extinguishes all human sympathy and relations. It is impossible to feel affection beyond 78°, of below 20° of Fahrenheit; human nature is too solid or too liquid beyond these limits. Man only lives to shiver or perspire.

I went to court, and, horrible to relate! with strings to my shoes, instead of buckles—not from Jacobinism, but ignorance. I saw two or three Tory lords looking at me with dismay, was informed by the Clerk of the Closet of my sin, and gathering my sacerdotal petticoats about me (like a lady conscious of thick ankles,) I escaped further observation.

At a large dinner party, the death of Mr. Dugald Stewart was announced. The news was received with so much levity by a lady of rank, who sat by Sidney Smith, that he turned round and said, "Madam, when we are told of the death of so great a man as Mr. Dugald Stewart, it is usual in civilized society to look grave for at least the space of five seconds."

"I hope, my friend," he said kindly to a brilliant young man, who had freely exhibited his opinions to the company, on a variety of subjects, "that you will know as much ten years hence as you do now."

A young man, in making his first entrance into society, is so ignorant as to imagine he is the object of universal attention; and that everything he does is subject to the most rigid criticism. Of course, under such a supposition, he is shy and embarrassed: *he regains his ease, as he becomes aware of his insignificance.*

Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr. ——— has his parasites; and if you take a large, buzzing, blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly insects crawling about it, which doubtless think their fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest, most important animal in the universe, and are convinced the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.

There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe its expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness—teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile; extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. Genuine and innocent wit like this, is surely the *flavor of the mind!* Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support this life by tasteless food; but, God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm his pained steps over the burning marl!"

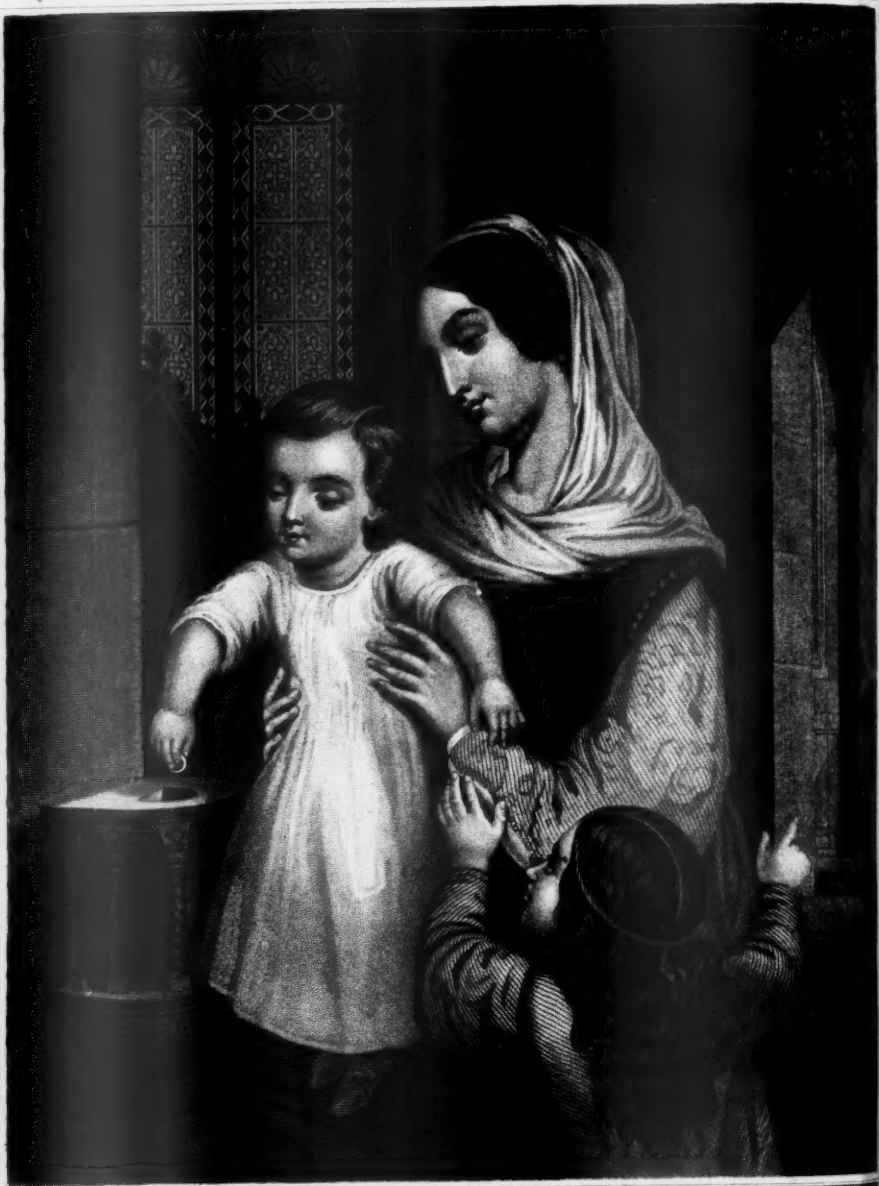
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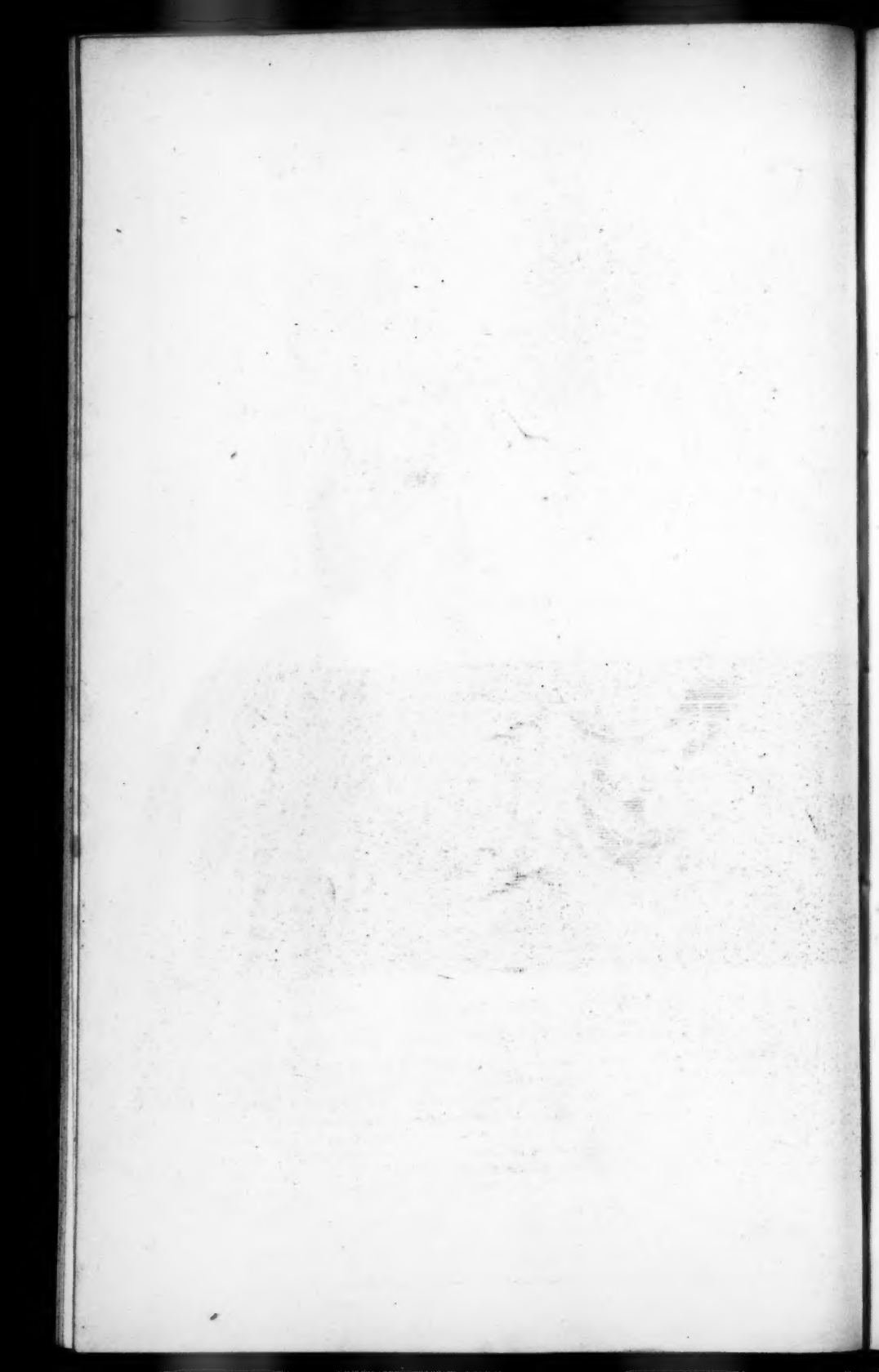
HOME MAGAZINE JUNE.

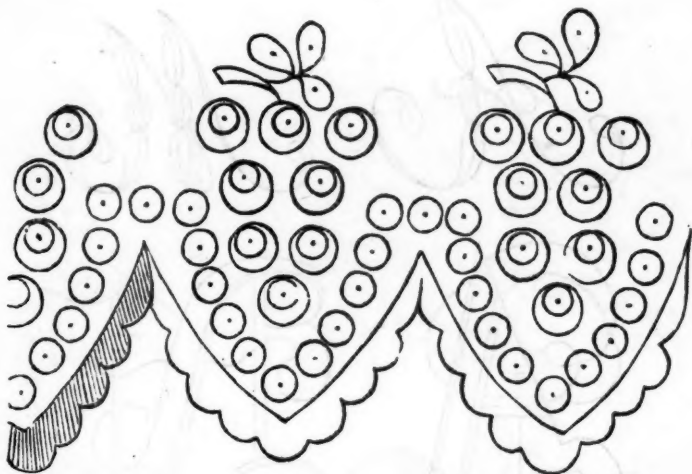


The First Tribute

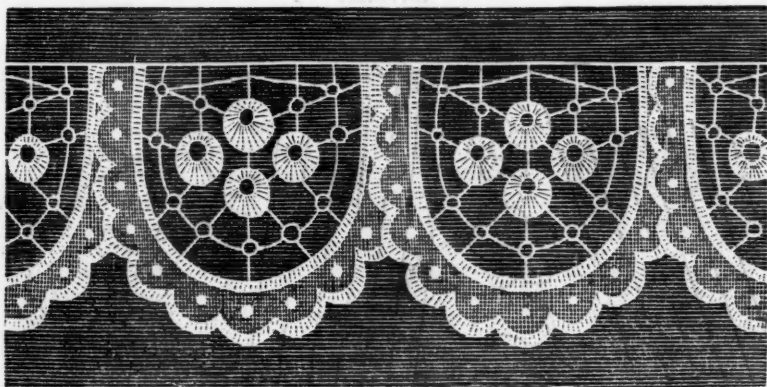


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EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



THE MARGUERITE TRIMMING FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

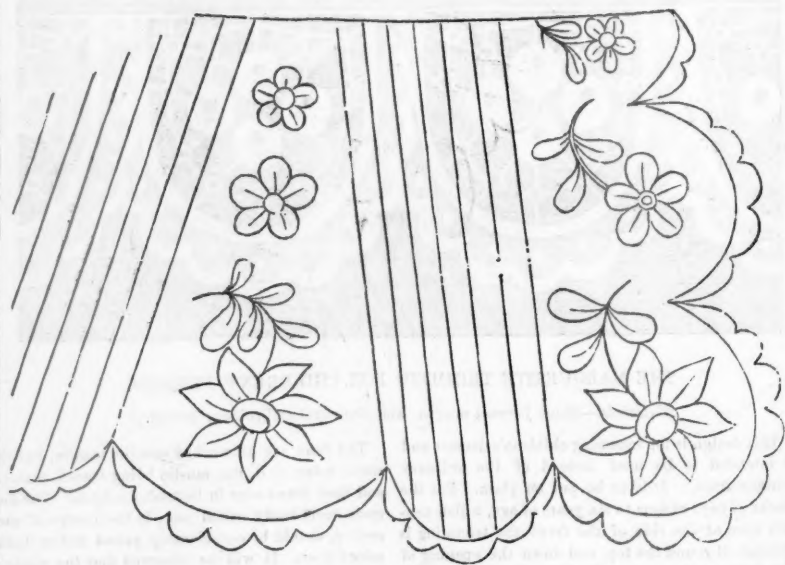
Materials.—Stout jaconet muslin, and the royal embroidery cotton.

This design is for trimming children's dresses, and is intended to be used instead of the ordinary crimped frills. It is to be put on plain. For the frocks of boys of four to six years of age, which usually open at the side of the front, the trimming is carried all round the top, and down the opening of the front to the waist. Similar work should trim the short sleeves.

The bars are all worked *over* the muslin, but the small holes *on* it, the muslin being traced, pierced, and then sewed over in buttonhole-stitch. The four spots, technically called *pois*, in the centre of each scallop, should be considerably raised before being sewed over. It will be observed that the whole is not in the centre of these; the lower part of each, being the deepest, should also be the most raised.

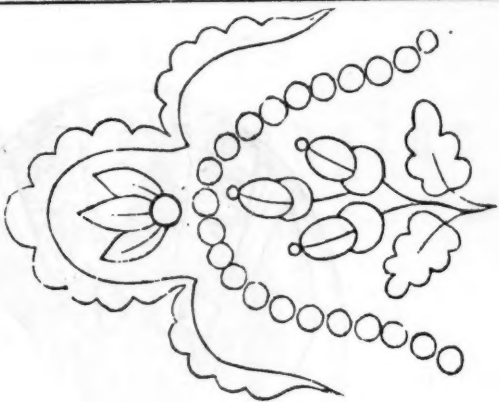


INITIALS.

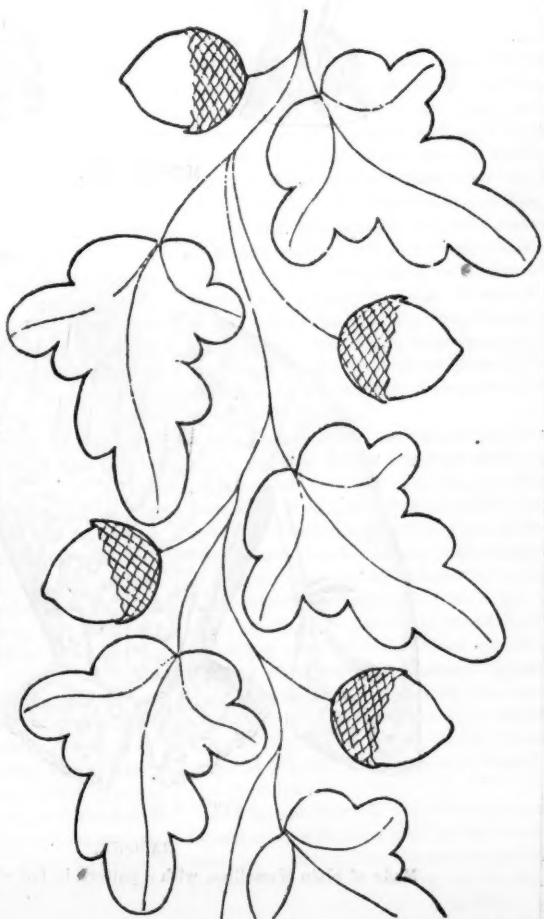


PATTERN FOR COLLAR,

In nanook muslin; the lines indicate small tucks run in the muslin. The embroidery is in fine cotton, and the scallop in thicker cotton. We give one-fourth of the collar.



SILK EMBROIDERY.

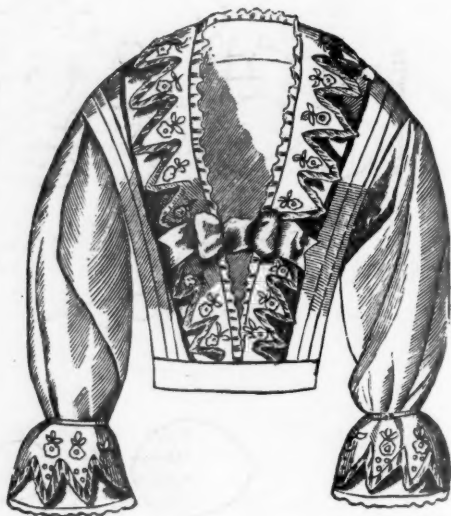


OAK-LEAF PATTERN FOR QUILTS.



BAND.





MUSLIN SET.



BASQUE,

Made of plain Marseilles, with a pattern in fine white linen braid.